

# Saint Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer  
1923

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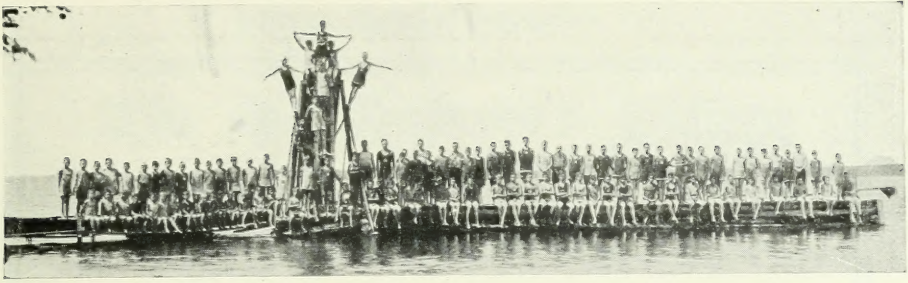
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Midsummer, 1923

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# Midsummer, 1923

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1922-'23.



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# St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1923

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## EDITORIAL.

No one comes to the end of the school year with indifference. The leave-taking, while softened by the anticipation of a long holiday, is in many cases "the parting of the ways." With a fervent handshake and good wishes, friends are bid goodbye, masters thanked for their kindly interest, and with the going of the last boy comes a quietness which reigns over campus and halls for many weeks. Next fall, we fear many familiar faces will be missing, and as "the old order changeth giving place to new", so must we go on to other fields and bigger duties.

To review our school year would take more space than is usually allotted to the editorials. Brief mention, however, of our activities would be appropriate.

Though we have every reason to be satisfied with the year now ended we feel that with this satisfaction must come the determination to make next year a better one. Our school teams, whether on the gridiron or ice have upheld the high tradition established by those Sons of St. Andrew who have gone before. In spite of adverse weather conditions our cricket teams have had many successful games and we look forward to the school matches with well founded confidence. With the graduates from our large matriculation classes of '23, will number some of St. Andrews' best athletes. It is to these boys we look to bear the Crimson and White on some foreign field.

St. Andrew's history has been a record of constant growth and development. With a roll of fifty boys, fifteen of whom were boarders, its doors were opened for the first time on September 10th, 1899. The building at that time, Chestnut Park, was a beau-

tiful old house on Yonge Street owned by the late Sir David Macpherson. Six years later owing to an increase in the enrollment a move was necessitated to the present building in Rosedale. The years have treated us kindly, so kindly indeed that in a few years bigger and more commodious buildings will be erected to serve the Andreams of the future.

To us who are bidding "Old Andie" goodbye and not merely "Au revoir" our school motto seems to apply particularly. We look back with a certain sadness and regret at leaving our happy care-free days behind forever and in the great game of life ahead we shall endeavour to "Quit ourselves like men and be strong."

C. H. ARMSTRONG.

---

### AN ODE.

An evening sunset she, a forest flower,  
Unmatched, immortal, and ephemeral.  
The beauty of the rose her only dower,  
A dryad, dainty and ethereal.  
So soft the pastel shades of evening fall  
Upon the erstwhile bright-hued blooms of day,  
As did the flute-like echoes of her call  
Fade, in some gently winding mossy way.  
Her gown, as lovely as her spirit pure,  
Seemed the soft weaving of a fairy hand.  
A vision of such grace could not endure,  
Gone; to obey some dieties' command.  
Nought but the memory is left behind  
Of her, who has attained the highest good.  
A sweet and laughing spirit of the wind,  
A budding wildflower in some verdurous wood.

T. F. ASPDEN.



# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE



BY A DAY MASTER.

At six-thirty, summer time, the conscientious Day Master awakes with a start, blinks at his Little Big Ben, and rolls over for another half-hour. At seven, he takes a hop-step-and-jump from his bed to his bath, shaves, dresses, tends his furnace, bolts his breakfast, kisses his wife, and sets out for S.A.C. Overtaken by an affluent friend he may get a lift part way; or, better still, may be picked up by an opulent pupil, who takes him like the wind right to the college door. Now, if he has managed to get out of bed on the right side, and his coffee and toast have agreed with him, he is in for a fairly good day; but if not,—O, dear me!

The first hopeful he encounters in the corridor meets him with a merry "Good morning, sir. Have you read those papers yet?" Whereupon the D. M. mildly answers, "Yes, dear." Reaching the Common Room he warmly greets his colleagues, whom he is really glad to see, dons what is left of his gown, and scans an advertisement in which he is addressed as Professor. Then, with his books in his lap, he slips into his place in the Masters' Pipe Band at its first morning rehearsal.

Nine-fifteen! Clang goes the gong! and after a general scurry the D. M. meets his own particular form at roll-call. Next, marching blithely with his boys into the Prayer Hall, he joins heartily in the singing of the hymn, and, later, as he hears the Headmaster repeat the words, "Who dost turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and of those that teach unto those that learn," he solemnly determines this day to do his best.

And now the real test begins. His first class is a mirror: he sees his own spirit reflected in their shining morning faces. If he is brimming with energy and earnestness, all hindrances are lightly brushed aside and some real work is accomplished; but if he is the least bit off colour, everything is an effort and a worry. And so the periods pass; some gliding on wings, others dragging on leaden feet. It is not the teaching that tires the D. M. so much as the response, or lack of response, he evokes. If things go well, he is happy. He feels he is doing the noblest work in the world; he is a builder of the best. If, however, they go otherwise, his lot, to say the least, is not a happy one.

At recess he gasps for breath after three strenuous bouts, but before he has quite recovered it, the blessed bell clangs again. Two more "goes" until lunch with its rest and refreshment, followed by another practice of the Pipe Band. He telephones his wife to see if the furnace is out, hears who won at "bridge" last night, how the concert came off, and just how atrocious Toronto weather really is.

After this precious interval he braces himself for the last lap, three half-hours long; and if he survives the eighth period, in IV.B, let us suppose, without actually being reduced to profanity, he calls it a fair day's work.

With a sigh of relief mingled with satisfaction he empties his pockets of the day's collection of elastic, string, etc., makes out his detention list, hangs up his tattered gown, and slips once more into the easiest chair to gather himself together.

It may be that an old boy has dropped in and shaken the D. M. mightily by the hand. Little do the old boys know how much their visits mean to their old masters! They are our finished product, our pride and our reward. They are manifestly so pleased to come back, so modest and respectful,—often even affectionate, that life seems rosy again.

About four o'clock the D. M. strolls out upon the field and sees the boys at their games. He may even at times join in them himself and feel young for an hour. Then, as he turns homeward, he reviews the events of his little day, smiling inwardly as he recalls that funny question in IIIA., and thus, through his sense of humour, wins back his optimism.

At home he rests, reads, and works about his garden or his house. After dinner he seeks the companionship of his cherished friends. To ward off that dread disease, "end-of-term-itis," he



turns in early to ensure a good night's rest, so that he may be ready to "fight the good fight" on the morrow; and finally, murmuring—

"Every day, in every way,  
I'm nearing a happy holiday,"

the D. M. falls asleep.

---

### BY A HOUSE MASTER.

If it *is* a life, that of a Housemaster is not a merry one. He rises from early morning till late at night, and spends his days trying to look unconscious of the pranks and plots going on about him; yes, the same old tricks which the thoughtless youth of Athens used to perpetrate on Socrates, but which the 1923 school boy considers original.

A Housemaster's field of activity stretches from the cellar to the roof. He is a combination of policeman, night watchman, guardian, cricket pro. and father confessor. Also, between the hours of nine and three, he endeavours to kill time and pupils in the class rooms.

He is never off duty. Sometimes he thinks he is, but as he wanders aimlessly down town he suddenly remembers his responsibilities when he notices several familiar figures acting in a strange manner.

But why generalize on the trials of a Housemaster? Let us take just an average day. At 7.15 a.m. the rising bell is sounded, apparently for his benefit alone, for the building is wrapped in silence. At 7.30 the first warning rings. As he passes down the hall from his morning bath he sees through half-open doors the recumbent form of "Young Canada" in repose (more so than usual). 7.45, the breakfast bell!—Bedlam is let loose. The master fights his way down stairs through a scurrying crowd of boys in various and wondrous stages of negligé—spotted pyjamas, flying shirt tails, nature's hoisery—a weird and wonderful mob. But lo and behold! Like a well-trained fire brigade they reach the scene of their serious labour in correct attire and ready for action.

The Housemaster has now begun his day of duty. After entering in his little black book the names of a few who were somewhat

tardy in answering the call to breakfast, he proceeds to partake of a hasty meal, keeping one eye hovering over his youthful charges while with the other he scans the news in his morning "Globe". This is what gives all Housemasters that funny look (No, I don't mean the Globe!).

Breakfast over, he adjourns to the Common Room and there on a clean piece of white paper he writes his name very clearly and also the fact that he is on duty for the day. This notice he carefully pins on the bulletin board in the upper hall. He then returns to the Common Room, fills his pipe and prepares for half an hour's relaxation,—but Housemasters must not relax. During this peaceful half hour he is called upon to answer at least fifty-seven foolish questions, the most common being, "Do you know who's on duty, sir?"

Then follows the day of teaching, but why dwell on this painful subject. Let us pass on to that glorious time, the close of afternoon school—a glorious time for every one but the poor Housemaster. As he nears his room he spies an angry mob surrounding his door, a crowd of healthy looking boys of various shapes and sizes. I said healthy looking boys and yet these are the halt and the maimed of the school,—poor chaps, they would dearly love a game of cricket, but floating cartilages, sore fingers and all kinds of terrible injuries prevent them from participating in that ancient and honourable pastime. If you were to observe very closely you would notice that all these boys as well as being cripples, were badly in need of having their hair cut, and some of them even look as though they had very urgent business to perform down town. And now, while the best part of the afternoon is fast slipping away, our poor H. M. must sit patiently in his chair and listen to more fables than the late Mr. Aesop ever thought of writing.

At last comes dinner, then study with more foolish questions, then prayers and the first and second warnings for bed, and then at last "Lights Out". Now, I suppose many of my readers think that once the lights are turned out and the boys are all quietly sleeping in their rooms the Housemaster can go to his own well-earned night's repose. Alas! such is not the case. A whole volume might be written on a master's activity after lights out. Perhaps in another number of the "Review" we shall describe a Housemaster's activity during the "silent" watches of the night.



## BY A PREFECT.

A prefect's life is not an easy one and isn't any easy street. Being a prefect doesn't necessarily mean only 11.15 leave on Saturday and a couple of nights off a term—far from it—let me show you a prefect's day from a prefect's view.

Breakfast is in full swing, and after serving out nine generous helpings of porridge you have none left for yourself, and "There ain't no seconds." You figure you'll read your paper—however, the boy on your right has the editorial, the one on the left the sporting section, at the other end an ambitious youth is reading about a murder in Paris in the "City News," and you have a fine time reading about the big sale at Eatons, or seeing Andy Gump spiel off some worldly wisdom. The toast comes—nine hungry hands grab—prefects mustn't grab. "There ain't no more in the kitchen." After breakfast, while looking after the roller squad you hear ten boys "crab" about having to roll. The only difference is that the prefect rolls every day for two weeks and the boy once a term.

Then you go to school. The night before there was a meeting of the Review staff, Literary Society, or Athletic Association. Needless to say your work isn't up to scratch—and the masters wonder why such dull boys are prefects—! ! !

Coming out of school you trip—you murmur a few words—your language is a bad example—now, an ordinary boy doesn't have to set an example. After saying grace at three meals, calling roll, handing in lists of absentees, your day is done, unless you catch someone smoking and then your labours have but begun.

A prefect's life may be summed up like this. If he's chummy he isn't dignified, if he's not, he has a swelled head. If he fools with the boys, he's setting a bad example, if he doesn't, he's not taking any interest in the school life. If he kicks a lot he's a crabber—if he doesn't—he isn't taking an interest. Verily, the prefects bench is covered with tacks as well as prefects.

---

## "BY US, THE ORDINARY BOYS."

So now, friend Reader, as our contemporaries no doubt called you, having read of a day in St. Andrew's from other and more licensed stations, please bear with us, The Ordinary Boys.

We are that cosmopolitan body the masters teach, the prefects soak and who in military circles are known as privates. In short, friend reader, we are St. Andrew's. It is we who cheer our teams regardless of victory or defeat, it is we who work the roller, rain, shine or snow, and it is for us those few words, "You're gated" have been composed. We are those who rise with the rising bell and retire presumably with the last warning. We are never late for meals, never break bounds without a good excuse and never miss Sunday Church.

To begin at the logical end of our day it would be in order if we described our impressions, if not the expressions we sometimes overhear. It is now, friend Reader, seven-fifteen of a Monday morning, the corridors are deserted except for Murchison the youngest twin. We ordinary boys are asleep. Our luncheon engagement with Meredith, Wivvius or whoever it might be, is interrupted by a peculiar noise which develops into an argument between the rising bell and a tuneful canine on the lower flat. We are now awake.

Springing up with a cheerful, "Good morning" for our roommates, we venture down the hall to where we hear Ferguson I. holding a monologue on hydrostatics and their relation to temperature, in the shower room. This important ritual completed, we smooth out what few wrinkles may have occurred in our beds and proceed to dress with that loving care which characterises all such morning functions at St. Andrew's. Rescuing our Globe from the solicitous care of Mr. Brunt we settle down to that pleasant business of eating breakfast. No doubt, friend Reader, you have read an account of this important event, so let us hurry on to the joys of "rolling" and "inspection."

As an after dinner sport, rolling is quite superior to Wrigley's gum. The method used in this popular school activity is very simple and recruits soon become skilled in the art of shoving less than their neighbours. It is a delightful combination of cricket and golf, without the running of the former and without the tiresome carrying of clubs that the latter game necessitates. It is any wonder, therefore, that rolling has become tremendously popular with us? In fact the number of boys who desire to push the roller around has become so large that a list has been made which allows only a favoured few to indulge on certain mornings.

Now comes our morning inspection. We hide the Sunday supplements, shove the remains of last night's feed in or under the beds



and arrange Carrick's shoes in descending powers of "X." This bit of routine completed we descend to morning school.

Lunch at twelve-thirty makes a pleasant break in the monotony, in some cases quite noticeable breaks, but on the whole very peaceful. Immediately after lunch a couple of inmates produce divers noises on bugles. We are informed by the perspiring authors that they are sounding the "Fall in." So we get our antique rifles and join the throng preparatory to drill. As we said before, "We are St. Andrew's"; allow us to supplement that with, "We and Jack are the Cadet Corps."

We line up and wait for the non-coms. of number Four Platoon and when these gentry are at last on the scene we move off to our daily parade. Not being military we can't give technical data on our movements; let us remark in passing, however, that we think Rufe Curry is "awfully attractive", (not our own expression).

It is at this period of the day after cadet drill, that the famous McGill form meets. With such satellites as Anderson our artist-author, Mr. Charley Lewis of Dalhousie University and "Ottawa Ike" Cochrane, is it any wonder such startling decisions are reached in regards to the laws of nature. Since the engagement of Munn I. as his private secretary, Mr. Lewis claims he has calculated the exact number of calories needed to bring our morning coffee to a drinkable temperature.

After school we take part in games, but a large percentage of our number have to pay visits to dentists and barbers. When the pilgrimage to our favourite tonsorial artist is denied, like Ferguson I., or the flowers in Rosedale, we toil not neither do we spin.

On our arrival from town dinner is served. After which we sally forth once more on to the grounds and serve as targets for various Ottawa foursomes. An illuminating conversation over the Rosedale fence and an assiduous research into the labyrinth presented by various text books make a fitting climax to a busy day. The evening roll call and possibly an interesting session in the Head's office terminates an ordinary day in the life of an ordinary boy at St. Andrew's.

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### BY A LOWER SCHOOL BOARDER.

The life of a Lower School Boarder is a very strenuous one. At 7.15 we wake up to the sound of the rising bell. We lie placidly in bed until the master-on-duty comes in to close the windows and

informs us that breakfast will be served in the dining-room in half an hour's time. Those wishing to have their breakfast brought up to them in bed are asked to give in their names. After a hurried shave most of us go downstairs to breakfast, where we eagerly scan the sporting page of the newspaper, while we sip our coffee. After breakfast we have an hour's leisure in which to prepare ourselves for the day's studies. School occupies our time until 12.30, when we have lunch. After lunch and a short rest we drill hard for half an hour before afternoon school. At 3.30 we are dismissed and games are arranged for us until 6.00. After dinner and a short rest, we have a short study followed by prayers. We then prepare for bed and at 8 o'clock the lights are put out and we go at once to sleep.



PREFECTS 1922-23



## NEWTON vs. EINSTEIN.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Sir Isaac Newton was trying to arouse the English public to a realization that the universe is controlled by definite laws, that these may be discovered, and when stated, will be to the physicist as the chart and compass are to the mariner. Ordinary people of that age never gave a thought to science. They did not understand its laws, hence these were not worth while finding out. But Newton was to usher in a new age. An age of scientific thought and discovery, which, with increasing momentum has culminated for us in the twentieth century.

What Newton actually discovered is stated in his *Principia*, and for us is defined in his laws of motion and gravitation, and his conception of light.

Newton states that the attraction between two bodies varies as the product of their masses, and inversely as the square of the distance between them. By this law the paths of the planets were fixed, and according to observation, rightly fixed. By this law Adams in England and Leverrier in France discovered the planet Neptune, and up till within the last four years this has been thought the law of the universe. But it had its limitations; among these, it would not completely account for the varying of the perihelion of the orbit of Mercury.

Newton thought of light as being the emission of tiny particles of matter. These came and struck the eye, and we "saw". This had been the conception of the ancients, but later scientists have discarded this for the "wave theory" of the present day.

Germany has been the birthplace of many great men; musicians, artists, and scientists. One of her greatest sons is Einstein; he who has interested and mystified the world by his theory of Relativity.

Einstein began his career about twenty-five years ago, and up to 1916 had gained fame as a mathematician. But what will make him a real figure in scientific history, is his connection with Relativity.

What interested him in the subject was that some solar observations were not completely explained by Newton. He realized that something must be wrong. He knew that men like Newton do not argue wrongly, so he concluded that their assumptions must be at fault. Now, Newton assumed that mass, time and space were abso-

lute. That is, for any place in, or condition of, the universe, a pound mass would be a pound mass, a minute a minute, and a yard a yard. I cannot arrive at Einstein's conclusions the way he did, since only a few in the world can follow him, but I can indicate them. As a basis he decided that space, time and mass, were all relative, that they could not exist alone. On this he built up a superstructure of theory, and arrived at a formula which accounted for the change in the perihelion of the orbit of Mercury. He also predicted that light had weight, hence it would be attracted by a large body and in passing it would be deflected. This deflection for the sun was one and three-quarter minutes of arc.

In order to verify this prediction an expedition from England went out to Africa in 1916, in order to photograph an eclipse of the sun, with very favourable results. Also in the past year a combined expedition from Canada and the United States, under the leadership of Dr. Chant of the U. of T., and of Dr. Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory, went to Australia. They obtained many photographs of the region around the eclipsed sun, which, on being compared with pictures of that part of the sky when the sun was not there, showed the average change of position of the visible stars to be very close to that predicted by Einstein.

In the words of Dr. Chant at a lecture some weeks ago, "This does not prove the Einstein Theory, but it strongly corroborates it."

Thus Newton, as far as we know, is correct, Einstein possibly so, but it still remains to be proved how much of both must be accepted.

ROBINSON.







# POLITE UNTRUTHS

BY BELTON COCHRANE.

You have all had experience with this very common part of conversation, but it has gone unnoticed so long, that it is now taken as a matter of course. You could give it many names, but the title "POLITE UNTRUTHS", seems to me to cover the subject.

## PART I.

All of you have heard the public speaker who begins his speech in this way:

"Ladies and Gentlemen," (this accompanied by flourishes and exaggerated gestures), "It gives me great pleasure this evening to speak before such an intelligent audience."

Doesn't that sound familiar? How does he know that he is speaking to an intelligent audience? For all he knows he may be talking to a crowd of Temperance Unionists or I.W.W. agitators. We great public speakers don't know what we are up against. And then there was that little remark,

"It gives me great pleasure," He was probably beginning one of the worst five minutes he ever spent in his life!

## PART II.

And then we come to the crowded street car. You have an armful of parcels and you are hanging on to a strap as if you loved it. Somebody gives your arm a knock and slam go the parcels. The somebody turns around and says, "I am so sorry" (this accompanied by an artificial grin). You reply, "Oh! that's perfectly all right" (this also accompanied by an artificial grin). You were both saying things that you certainly didn't feel. He was not really

a bit sorry. If he had picked up your parcels it would have been more to the point. And as for you saying it was perfectly all right—why, I guess the less said about that the better!

### PART III.

Every boy who has ever been to boarding school will know how much an invitation of this kind means.

"Come over any time. We would just love to have you; call us up when you can get out."

That's an invitation that will never be accepted. You wouldn't call them up on a bet and they probably think that they have relieved a tight situation in a rather smooth way.

### PART IV.

You have all been to these afternoon teas where everybody sits around and talks about nothing at all, while doing their very best to balance a cup of steaming hot tea. After you have been there what seems an eternity, somebody suggests breaking up the party. Everybody trips all over themselves, grabbing their hats and coats. Then you dance lightly up to your hostess and say something like this,

"I have had a perfectly delightful time," and she replies, "Come again some time."

You go out vowing you'll never go back there, and she vows she'll never invite such a dull person as yourself again.

### PART V.

Now, here is a story that every boy is familiar with. The boy goes home on his holidays and his fond parents display their little hopeful to the friends of the family. You hear some such remarks as these,

"My! how he's grown," or "He'll soon be as big as his father". and then the mother may not look so pleased, but somebody puts her in good humour again by saying,

"But hasn't he his mother's eyes." The boy is elated, the father is proud, the neighbours are pleased with themselves, for they feel that they now have a place where a safe touch can be made. All that fuss over a lot of air that doesn't mean anything.

These are a few examples of what some people will say under certain circumstances, and we can all think of cases that have happened to ourselves which we can brand as "polite untruths."



# NATURE'S ORCHESTRA



One warm sunny day in the latter part of July while holidaying on a farm, I was at a loss for something to do, and as the heat of the day was beginning to make me feel like a lazy native of the South Seas of whom one often reads, I was wishing the winter months would soon return.

The rays of the sun were having the effect of a Turkish bath upon me, when I remembered that in the woods at the back of the farm, where a cool stream wound its way over rock and sand, I might find protection from the intense heat, so, to this haven of comfort I made my way.

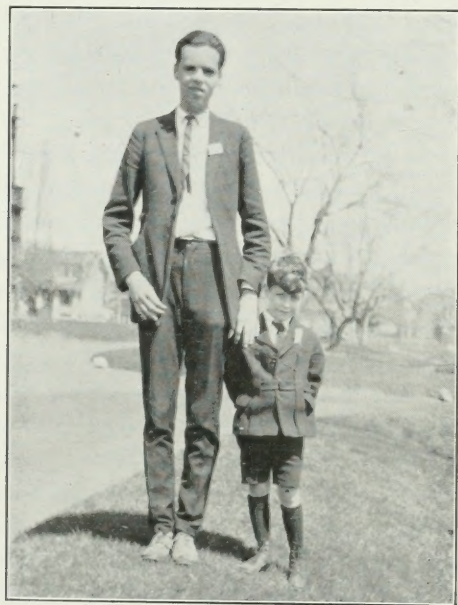
On arriving at this picturesque spot I selected a large elm tree under which, it appeared, one could enjoy a comfortable sleep, so I lay down, and when I was about to pass into the land of the sleeper I was suddenly wakened by some object hitting my head, and on looking about me I found the missile to be an acorn. Thus I naturally looked in the tree under which I was lying for my assailant, and there he was—a chipmunk sitting on his hind legs chattering away like a politician and with a nut in his fore paws. I at once became interested and again reclined on my couch of moss to watch the manoeuvres of this noteworthy gentleman. I had almost dozed off to slumberland again when I heard a clear call which echoed through the many trees and when it reached me I thought it was a call from the house, but as the house was some distance away I knew that that was not possible. After an interval of a minute or so the same call returned, this time nearer, and it sounded as though the neighbouring farmer was calling his hired boy, whose name was White, but finally the source of the call was discovered when a little bird gently fluttered on a nearby stump and with chest expanded began to call for Bob White. After Mr. Robert White had been called for several times by this bird,

he ceased to call, and after taking a drink flew away, but I heard his voice in the distance still calling Bob White.

As I lay trying to hear this bird's beautiful clear voice I heard another song from another remote part of the woods, then another and another, till the whole woods seemed to be bursting forth with music unheard of, and from instruments unknown of, by me. I was like some radio fan, trying to pick a message or operatic music from the air, but as I listened there was no static electricity to interfere, and nature's orchestra was that day broadcasting a song far superior to that which many radio stations send through the air.

Not until I heard that Scotchman the owl, hooting about this and that, did I realize that the sun was already setting, and in great fear of missing my supper I began to run to the house. But when nearing the border of the woods I stepped on some soft object, and then I thought nature's orchestra was having another overture, for on looking back I found I had stepped on a bees' nest. I knew these little fellows' idea of revenge, so I started for the house again, this time putting forth my greatest efforts, and by doing so, arriving in time for supper.

CHALMERS II.



"THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT AT S.A.C."



## THE VALLEY.

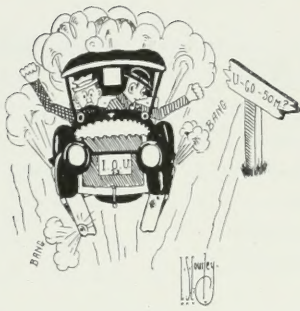
Alone, yet so happily peaceful,  
This village, away in the heart  
Of a valley, so quietly restful,  
That tranquillity seems but a part  
Of its beauty, so perfectly wistful.  
What is it but glorified art?

Ah! call it not lonely, this valley,  
A curve on the roadway of God.  
Where the bird whistles softly, not shrilly,  
O'er the grass where the saints might have trod.  
This village, alone, but not lonely,  
For love is a part of its sod.

T. F. ASPDEN.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA 1922-23



# A MOTOR PICNIC

There often comes a time in the life of the members of "society" when they grow a little weary of the ceaseless round of teas, balls and dinners, and for such, I would not hesitate to recommend a picnic.

A day spent in the "open," with the blue sky over one's head, is indeed a splendid tonic for jaded nerves. But one should not make the mistake of thinking that he (or she) can therefore leave behind his (or her) manners, for such is not the case. There is a distinct etiquette for picnics, and anyone who disregards this fact is apt to find to his (or her) sorrow that the "shoe" in this case is decidedly "on the other foot."

A young man, for example, is often asked by a young lady to accompany her on a "family picnic." To this invitation he should, after sane consideration, reply either "yes" or "no," and if the former, he should present himself at the young lady's house promptly, on the day set for the affair (usually Sunday.)

A "family picnic" generally consists of a motor car, a father, a mother, a daughter, a small son, beef loaf, lettuce sandwiches, a young man, two blow-outs, one spare tire and Aunt Florence.

The father drives with his small boy beside him; in the rear are the mother, the daughter, Aunt Florence, the thermos bottles, the lunch basket and you. As you take your seat you must remember that it is a distinct evidence of bad breeding to show in any way that you are conscious of the fact that the car has been standing for the last hour and forty-five minutes in the hot sun.

"We're off!" cries father, pressing his foot on the self-starting pedal. Thirty minutes later you roll away from the curb and the picnic has begun. The intervening time has, of course been profitably spent by you in walking to the nearest garage for two new spark-plugs.

It should be your duty, as guest, to see that the conversation in the rear seat is not allowed to lag.



"It's a great day," you remark, as the car speeds along.

"I think it's going to rain," replies Aunt Florence.

"Not too fast, Will," says mother. "Mother!" says the daughter.

Ten minutes later you should again remark. "My, what a beautiful day!"

"Those clouds are gathering in the west," says Aunt Florence, "I think we had better put the top up."

"I think this is the wrong road," says mother.

"Dear, I know what I'm doing," replies father.

The secret of the conversation lies in the "hobby" of the person with whom one is conversing, and a good talker always throws out several feelers in order to find out the things in which his partner is most interested. You should, therefore, next say to mother, "Don't you think this a glorious day for a picnic?" to which she will reply, "Well, I'm sure this is the wrong road. Hadn't you better ask!" The husband will answer nothing, but Aunt Florence will murmur, "I think I felt a drop of rain, Will. If you don't put the top up now, we'll all be drenched."

No good conversationalist confines himself exclusively to one subject, and when you are once more "under way," you should remark to the mother, "I think that motoring is great fun, don't you, Mrs. Caldwell?" Her answer will be, "I wish you wouldn't drive so fast." You should then smile and say to Aunt Florence, "Don't you think that motoring is great fun, Mrs. Lockwood?" As she is about to reply, the left rear tire will blow out with a loud noise and the car will come to a bumping stop.

The etiquette of changing a tire is fairly simple. As soon as the "puncture" occurs one should at once remark, "Is there anything I can do?" This request should be repeated from time to time, always taking care, however, that no one takes it at all seriously. The real duty of a young man who is a "guest" on a motor trip on which a blow-out occurs is, of course, to keep the ladies of the party amused during the delay. This can be accomplished by any one of the conventional methods, such as card tricks, handsprings, and other feats of athletic agility.

When the damage has been repaired and the car is once more speeding along, leaving behind it, mile after mile of dusty road, as well as father's best "jack" and set of tire tools, the small boy will suddenly remark, "I'm hungry." His father will then reply, "We'll be at a fine place to eat in ten minutes." Thirty minutes later mother will remark, "Will, that looks like a good place for a picnic over there." The father will reply, "No—we're coming to a

wonderful place—just trust me Mary.” Twenty minutes later Aunt Florence will say, “Will, I think that grove over there would be fine for our lunch,” to which the husband will reply, “We’re almost at the place I know of,—it’s an ideal place.” Forty minutes after this, father will stop the car and point to a clump of trees. “There,” he will say, “what do you think of that?” “Oh, we can’t eat there,” will be the answer from mother, daughter and Aunt Florence. “Drive on a bit further—I think I know a place.”

Three hours and thirty minutes later (that is four hours past your normal lunch time) there will be another puncture and as the car stops beside a wheat field it will begin to rain, and the daughter will sigh, “Well, we might as well eat here.” The “picnic” will then be held in the car, and nothing really carries one back to nature and primeval man as does warm lemonade and a lettuce sandwich in a motor car with the top up and side curtains on.

After lunch it will be time to return home, and after you and father have ruined your clothes in repairing the puncture, the merry party will proceed on its way. The next morning, if you have not caught pneumonia, you will be able to arise greatly refreshed by your day’s outing in the lap of old Mother Nature.

BARBER I. (IVA.)



“THE ROLLER SQUAD”



## THE SORCERER'S STONE.

It was a sultry day in the middle of the tropical season, when John Larsen, adventurer, stepped into the barroom of the settlement store in Port Moresby. As he was lounging around inside, sipping his Scotch-and-soda, his attention was gradually attracted by the sound of a half-drunk native boy talking loudly to a companion who was paying no attention at all to him.

His talk seemed chiefly concerned with the "white stone" of a certain powerful native witch-doctor, who lived in the foot-hills of Mount Owen Stanley, which was situated toward the extreme east end of British New Guinea. Keeping a watchful eye on the native, Larsen waited until the man had dropped into a drunken sleep, then rose and strode swiftly into the glaring sun of midday. The next morning he looked the native up, whose name he found to be Lanbo. As soon as he mentioned the witch-doctor, the native became suspicious and refused to speak; but when offered a few trifling trinkets which seemed magnificent to him, he consented to tell as much as he knew.

One day, Lanbo (as his story ran), had been wandering through the foot-hills of the afore-mentioned range of mountains in search of game, when he had chanced upon a populous village. He had immediately been seized, bound and placed in a well guarded hut. Next day a witch doctor came to dance the "dance of death" in the presence of the whole tribe. At the conclusion of this dance, the doctor had signalled, and Lanbo's feet were unbound and he was led to a huge stone in the centre of the village council-place, where all the executions of the tribal victims took place. Just as he was seized, a chorus of yells was heard, and his captors, with guttural expressions of fright, fled before the furious onset of Lanbo's tribesmen. As Lanbo was picked up, he saw, lying on the ground, a small stone in a fibre case, which he had seen the witch doctor wear and which the witch doctor had evidently dropped. As, with native curiosity, he was about to pick it up, there was a cry of warning, and the witch doctor struck Lanbo on the back of the head, seized the stone and made his escape. That was the last Lanbo had seen of the stone, though its brilliance had impressed itself on his mind, and it was thus that he had sung about it when drunk.

After receiving explicit directions as to the location of the village of the witch doctor, and securing Lanbo's services as a

guide, Larsen set out in his small ship, with the hope of obtaining the stone which he suspected to be a diamond, as he had heard of such cases before.

After a rough but otherwise uneventful voyage, he landed at D'Entre, and after buying his supplies and engaging some native boys for porters, he struck inland. For many days the little band pushed its way through the beautiful but resisting verdure of the jungle. On the evening of the fifth day, as they were sleeping soundly after the day's travelling, they were attacked by a band of cannibals. Leaping to his feet, Larsen, seizing his gun, opened fire on the flitting figures. With ferocious yells the savages came bounding across the intervening space. Soon Larsen's gun was emptied, and, clubbing his gun, he leaped into the fight, killing and injuring many, until he was struck a glancing blow on the side of the head. When he regained consciousness he found that he was being carried along a faintly-defined jungle trail. By the first gray streaks of dawn he could see towering high above his head, majestic palms swaying gently in the breeze, interlaced with countless creepers and flowering shrubs. Gaily-coloured parrots flew shrieking above him, while, swinging nimbly from branch to branch, small monkeys grimaced and chattered at the little procession. Behind Larsen came his boys carrying his luggage, herded in by their unprepossessing captors. At noon they came to the natives' village. As they were entering, Larsen had a glimpse of thatched huts and groups of half-clad natives loitering about. Before he could see more of his surroundings he and his porters were thrust into huts, well-guarded by men told off for that purpose. That night they were kept awake by the incessant throbbing of the drums and the monotonous shuffle of the feet of the dancers. At noon the next day they were ushered out into the glaring heat, where, surrounded by the whole population they awaited the appearance of the witch doctor. After a dramatic wait, he appeared, a wizened old man decorated with human-teeth necklaces and lower jaw-bones of men. His skinny ribs were picked out in black and white paint, and through his nose was a double-curl boar's tusk (an almost priceless thing) tied to which was a little fibre case containing the coveted diamond.

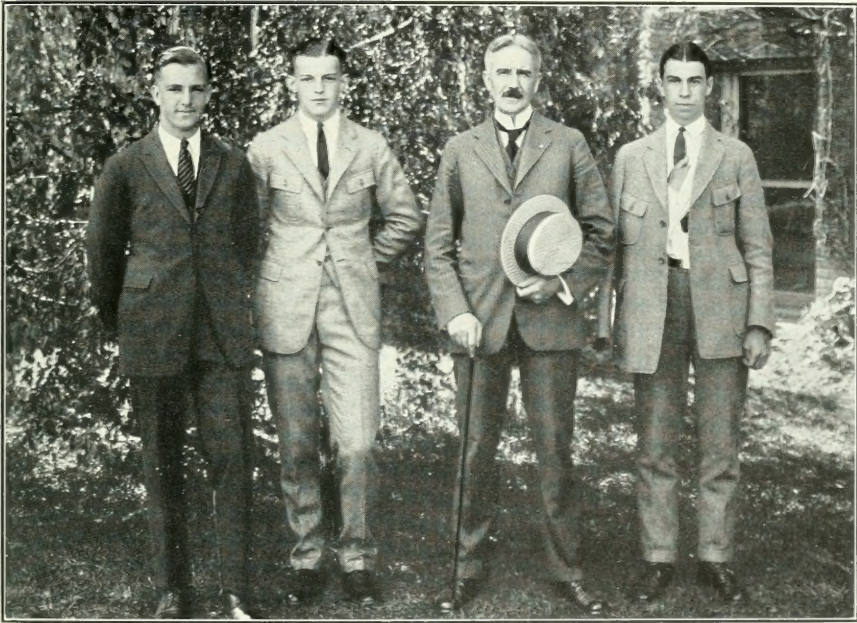
For a moment he stood still, then with a horrible cry, began to dance, leaping and gestulating, keeping time to the rhythmic booming of the drums. Finally he stopped, circled the open space, ringed in by the awed spectators, and then stopped in front of Larsen



pointing an accusing forefinger at him and with a rush the villagers came, seized him and led him to the fatal rock.

Months later, a government party bombarded the village. As the soldiers entered the ruins they saw grinning at them from the wall of the main hut, the head of the man whom the lure of the medicine man's diamond had brought to so untimely an end.

KIRKPATRICK.



LIBRARIANS, 1922-23



Afternoon teas where young people gather to amuse themselves and to gossip on Sundays, have become known as "Pink Teas." Some people even go further and call these teas "Bun Dusting," because one usually does everything else but drink tea and eat.

We regret to say that there are a number of our young hopefuls who seem to derive great sport from these social teas. A few Sundays ago I was asked to attend one of these affairs and to bring some of these well known "bun-dusters." As I have heard such a lot about these affairs but have never attended one, I accepted, both for the pleasure of seeing my hostess and also to see what these famous "pink teas" really were like.

Therefore, having collected all my "hounds" around me, I set out for the party about four o'clock. We were well received and found a number of nice girls there. The party looked pretty bright, but alas for me, the young lady with whom I was expected to argue all afternoon did not turn up. Whereupon some bright lad suggested that I should furnish music at the player piano. Well, as I had no other choice, I calmly began to play.

All the boys seemed to be enjoying themselves, when suddenly as if by common order and consent, everybody changed partners, and after half an hour everybody was either in tears or quarreling with one another.

All this time I was playing on the player such pieces as, "The Sheik," "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," "Song of Love," and "Carolina Mammy." I may add that these pieces never left my head for over a week. Every now and then one of the boys would ask me as if he really meant it, "May I pump a while. I really want to." I agreed, but somehow they never seemed to be near when the piece I was playing ended. I began to think then that I



had only been asked so that the others could have a college lad to play for them instead of the ordinary Italian.

After I had pumped for about two hours, the lady of the house announced that a light lunch would be served. I brightened up at this joyous news, but was soon kindly informed that I would have to keep on playing, because Gerry Ault was having some trouble drinking his tea. I think something should be done about him.

After the refreshments, which were really nourishing, the party livened up, and as the girls came from different colleges, many arguments were raised as to which college was the best. So, if any mother is reading this, she must not fail to ask my advice where to send her daughter, because I know the worst and best of each college in Toronto.

On the journey home I noticed that most of the "hounds" had exchanged their pins for other college pins. I thought they must have worked fast, but was informed that pink teas were really a Sunday gathering where the following Saturday dates were arranged, pins exchanged, and where one was required to quarrel and make up before the evening was over. Needless to say I thoroughly enjoyed myself and will never forget my first and last pink tea; last because I much prefer to pump all afternoon for some Sunday school, where the children will sing psalms and not quarrel, exchange pins, or gossip.

W.E.M.



GAMES DAY PRIZES

## A HALFBREED'S GRATITUDE.

On the 4th of January, 1914, a man of large physique, clad in the customary costume of the district, that is, fur cap, heavy drill trousers and larrigans, opened his cabin door and pushed his way through the drifted snow.

There had been a storm during the night, but, although bitterly cold, the morning was clear and bright, and the sun was coming up in the east in a way that prophesied a sunny day.

Peter Walker, for that was his name, slipped into his snow-shoes and with a fairly light pack on his back and his rifle, started his daily round of the trap line. Peter's trap line was situated on the northern shore of the remote Reindeer Lake about five miles from Reindeer Lake Post of the Hudson Bay Company.

The first set he visited was for a pine marten. An inquisitive whiskey-jack had stepped on the pan, and had paid the extreme penalty for this uncalled for display. This incident made the trapper extremely angry, for he remembered pulling a quarter of venison all the way from his cabin, hoping to decoy the wily marten with it, but now the whisky-jack had spoiled it all, for by springing the trap he had allowed a gluttonous wolverine to walk away with the venison unhindered.

The next set was one in which he had always had hopes, but that was as far as it had ever gone. It was for a black fox, and the thought of that fox, or rather his coat, made him dream of many a joyous spring day at Edmonton.

The set was in a large flat clearing, bordered on either side by pine, and as he came to the edge of the clearing he made an exclamation of surprise and joy, and no wonder, for at the point where his set was situated he saw the white expanse broken by a black dot, a large dot for a fox he thought, with a great feeling of delight he hurried forward at the double. To his surprise he saw the dot give place to two, a large and smaller one, the larger gradually taking the form of a man, and the smaller that of a fox.

Suddenly the man saw him approach, sling the fox on his back and hurry off. Peter called to him to stop but he paid no attention, for at the summons he increased his speed, and was already nearing the belt of pines.

Peter wasted no time, it wasn't his nature to do so, but pulling off his mitt he hastily took aim with his 30-30, and fired. The man dropped, tried to rise but fell back.



To his great anger but sorrow Peter discovered the man whom he had shot to be the little wiry half-breed Louis Lecroix, the only Indian he had ever cared for; in fact Peter in the past had been inclined to like Lecroix.

Lifting the wounded man as if he were but a child he carried him in his arms to the shack, where he found the wound to be only a flesh wound through the fleshy part of the right leg.

Louis afterwards explained that he had been forced to break the most sacred law of the trap-line to obtain supplies of which he had been in need through hard luck.

Peter nursed the little 'breed back to health, and during the time of convalescence a friendship sprang up between them.

When the big flood came they parted, intending to meet again in the fall, but fate willed it otherwise, for in August the Great War broke out and Peter enlisted in the Edmonton Regiment, and in the course of time found himself in the 4th battalion, and later a full-fledged sergeant in Flanders' muddy trenches.

At 11 p.m. on January 14th, the 4th was to advance, and if possible take the enemies' present position. They advanced at the fixed time, but Fritz was prepared for them, so with a great number of casualties they were repulsed, leaving a great number of dead and wounded in No Man's Land. Among the latter, and badly hit, was Sergt. Walker.

The 3rd Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, occupied the trench previously held by the 4th. Strange to relate there was a private named Lecroix in "C" company of the 3rd, and stranger still, this little private was to become the hero of the regiment and of H. B. Co.'s outpost named Reindeer Lake.

When Private Lecroix heard that Sergeant Walker was strung up on the barbed wire over the parapet, he immediately clambered over the parapet, and in spite of a withering cross fire of rifles and machine guns kept up by both sides, he dragged the big Sergeant in out of danger.

When they both had been sent down to the casualty clearing station the 3rd wondered why a little private, a half-breed at that, should risk his life for a big gruff sergeant of the 4th. Perhaps they had met before, who knows?

We do know now that with firing of the Company's guns and great rejoicing, Private Lecroix, V.C. (minus one leg), and Sergeant Walker were officially welcomed home to Reindeer Lake by old Dallas MacLeod, factor.

ACLAND.



T. F. ASPDEN.

The meanings of the word "books" are manifold and variegated; to some the word typifies shelf upon shelf of neat calf-bound volumes, some delicately tooled, some centuries old, and some bearing the arms of noble families; to others a collection of bound magazines representing years of careful saving, and a few standard authors; to others an unexplored universe to be enroached upon gingerly lest one disturb the work of scholars; and to a few it stands for an oasis in the desert, where one may rest while in spirit one is carried far away into the hazy, but ever delightful realm, of fancy and thought.

During the past eight centuries, since the invention of printing by Caxton, there have been published in many tongues, and in many lands, some millions of volumes, some large, some small, but each representing the hopes, fears, and final achievement of some author. Not a book can we pick up, but it has meant a great deal to someone. How much we treasure a first folio of Shakespeare, or a Kilmarnock Burns, but do we, when we see these things, turn to the lesser lights and second editions which we may possess, and wonder what their stories may be? Does it ever occur to us that that torn copy of Harrison Ainsworth meant the realization of many a dream on the part of a Lancashire country boy? Does it ever occur to us that that somewhat unheeded copy of Cowper represents one of the popular figures of the eighteenth century? Do we ever think that any second edition or third edition, inconsequential as it may seem to us, means that the writer whoever he or she may have been, received the acclamation of the public to that extent?

We read in the newspaper of the Gutenberg Bible, or some other famous tome selling for fifty thousand dollars, and below it we may read that some publishing house has just completed a series of the world's greatest classics which are to be sold for the sum of fifty cents apiece, a remarkable study in contrasts, you may say, and no



doubt you are right, but is it not also an indubitable proof of the progression of the world? Now, the man who will read nothing but first editions and who when he can not get them reads not at all, is enabled to have them without depriving others of their just due, while the man who wishes the contents of the book, without regard to the cover, may have the world of books at his feet in return for a very small outlay. What more is necessary? Both are satisfied and the division is fair.

The vagaries of readers are remarkable, a typical instance being that of a book which was printed somewhat over three hundred years ago as a political satire, was received with great favour all over the civilized world as well as in Spain where it originated, was forgotten for some one hundred and fifty years, was enthusiastically revived, was forgotten once more, and some fifty years since again appeared as a children's classic. The book in question is *Don Quixote*, written by Cervantes while in prison. And it is not an isolated case. *Robinson Crusoe* for instance suffered the same fate, although it was never perhaps quite forgotten. *Gulliver's Travels* is a third instance of a political satire becoming a children's tale. And so on ad infinitum.

Another interesting case of a man who did not come into his own until a century after his demise, is that of William Blake, a poet of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, who is now being generally recognized as one of the outstanding poets of his era. To those who are more used to the stereotyped forms of the "Standard Poets" his work comes as the refreshing breath of some unlooked for, and hence unexpected, breeze. His style is distinctly "different", and reads with an easy rhythmic grace which is more than delightful.

Then too, the present revival of the more appealing of the plays of the past has stimulated the public interest towards things antiquated, quite as much as Tut-ankh-Amen and his dynasty. Sheridan is being recalled to life, all over the English-speaking world, and it may be that others of his contemporaries will follow. The revival as a matter of course commenced with Shakespeare, and in all probability will end with Oscar Wilde.

The world of literature, subjected during the last few years to such a hail of miscellaneous discrepancies, is slowly regaining its own, and it is more than probable that we of the Twentieth Century will be enabled to leave to posterity a distinctive style quite equal to, if not better than those left us by other times.

# THE SEVEN ~ RUSSELLS

by  
*R.H.A.*



This year our school is blessed (?) with seven Russells. This is an occasion, and, being an occasional writer, the editor asked me to take a slaunt at the boys, and inquire into the whys and wherefores they are here and tell all I could find to our friends who read the "Review". Well, as admission number one—I can't explain why we have so many Russells. The reason I can't explain is because I don't know, and one can't explain what one doesn't know, as Mr. Fleming always says. However—the fact remains—they are here. Nobody will deny that—if one does so, he is blind, deaf and dumb. It's like denying Bob Grant two bits—it just isn't done—they are here and like Carter's Glue—they stick—O! How they stick.

"G. B." (Secundus) says there's seven now and eleven soon—somehow we don't know what to think. Out in front of this little magazine you will see an editorial displayed like seeds in a country store window—there are supposed to be seeds of wisdom in it, and one of 'em is, "The years have dealt kindly with us." This is pretty seedy, but why—O! why "Years" do you go back on us now? Seven Russells is heaven—but eleven would be —, well that editorial of "Red" Armstrong (yes, that C.H. you see before his name out front is just his nick-name) also says, "We are to have a new school this year"—we'll need two new schools if we are to have four new Russells.

This year we have seven and as space will not permit me to eulogize seven, and as some of the seven are very young and have yet to push their way to the top of the school ladder, I will not



write more than a few words, except on the two who now decorate the top rungs—Hink, and “G. B.”

Hink is a piano-player. He plays hymns, and sometimes hers. He has glasses, a couple of gold inlays, about fifty bow ties, a box of Keans' chocolate bars, and an inexhaustible supply of good humour. He is a prefect, and admits it. He is also on every society around the school worth speaking of, and—well—he's a real boy. Hink's stepping on to 'Varsity next year and if some of the Russells turn out as well as Hink—we'll always have a piano in the chapel.



“HINK” RUSSELL

Mr. “G. B.” Russell is best known as President of the Players' Club. He is a personal friend of Carrick's and says Don doesn't mind the draught down in his room at all. He is the possessor of a wonderful voice which was heard by many on games day, he is a great friend of nearly all the prefects, as he says without him they wouldn't have anything to do—in fact “G. B.” too, is the berries. He will be with us next session, so we will write you more about “G. B.” next year.

Tom Russell is “skipper” of a form that goes down to fame this year as IIIA. He is known chiefly as one who can run quickly and thus avoids Latin verbs and other forms of mental exercise, while

like his contemporary, Russell IV. of the Lower Flat, a brother of Mr. G. B., he may be heard and seen racing around the streets in his car.

T. A. Russell V. possesses quite one of the most charming smiles in the Second Form. His favourite saying is, "Here to-day, yet gone to-morrow." Russel VI. is really quite distinct from the others, inasmuch as he only uses one "l." His motto is, "How doth the little busy bee," etc., while Russell VII. is just waiting for the day when he, too, will drive a car like his big brothers.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1922-23



## THE CURSE OF THE PHARAOHS.

Did Lord Carnarvon succumb to the curse of the ancient Pharaohs? This is a question much asked at the present time. Is he but another victim of the mummies? Perhaps it is a coincidence, but if so it is a strange one that many of the curses engraved on tombs have come true to the last word. Did Napoleon's great empire crash because he removed a royal mummy to France? Do the long fingers of death reach out through centuries and claim those who disturb the last resting place of the great Pharaohs, greatest of all rulers?

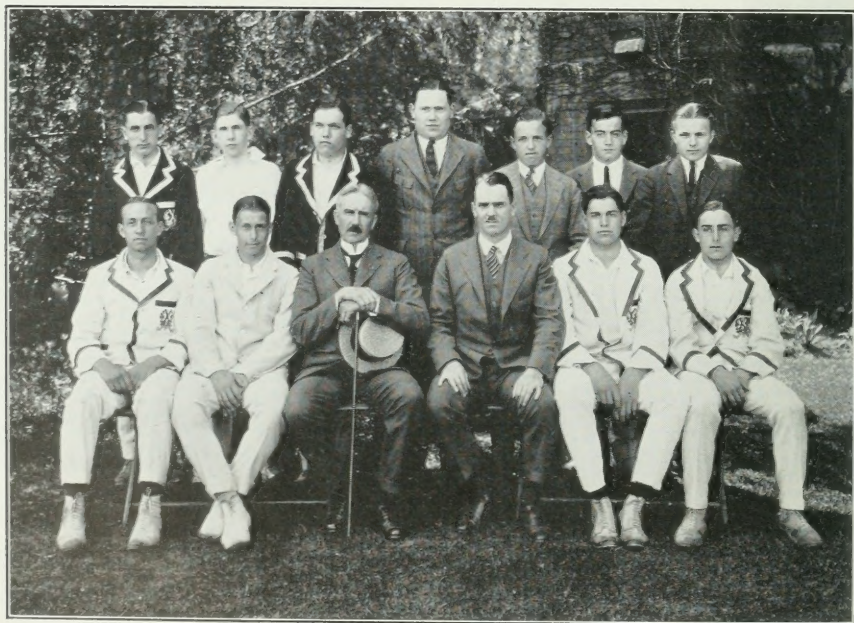
These curses have proved to be the despair of scientists to-day, particularly Egyptologists. With the removal of almost every royal mummy or the unearthing of a tomb, hieroglyphics have warned the intruders of death. Shortly after Lord Carnarvon unearthed the tomb of Tut-ank-Amen he died suddenly, and his wife hurrying to his bedside was also attacked by an illness and forced to proceed by slower methods of transportation. And now Carter, Carnarvon's fellow worker is ill. There are many interesting examples of misfortunes. Among the more interesting is that of Napoleon Bonaparte. When on a campaign to Egypt, Napoleon unearthed a royal mummy said to be none other than that of Cleopatra, and took it back to France, but unluckily the inscription on it read: "He who profanes will lose his life, and be he a king he will lose his kingdom." How well has this prophecy been carried out! Take for instance Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena. The Emperor of the French was only one of many victims who suffered defeat and in many cases even death, after rifling the tombs of the dead. Another story is that of a wealthy young Englishman who at one time excavated a fine specimen of a mummy, the inscription on whose tomb read: "Whosoever violates this sacred place shall be done to death and no man shall find his bones." A year later the Englishman went on a hunting trip to Africa. The party was as usual using elephants for transportation, when one day while the Englishman was walking among the herd, a large bull which was noted for its docility suddenly killed him. His body was put on a raised platform in a clearing so as to be out of reach of small animals, but in the morning his body had disappeared, and although experienced trackers searched for several days, was never found.

A few years ago the mummy of the sun god Ka-Ra was unearthed and transported to England; during the process no less than eight people lost their lives.

Sir Ernest Budge, keeper of the Egyptian section of the British museum says: "I wouldn't disturb a mummy in its tomb for anything. I wouldn't mind taking a few articles; as for the mummy itself I'd leave it severely alone." Once while digging on his own account he discovered a mummy which he did not take away, but strange to say he built a cement wall around it so that no one else would touch it.

It is generally known that terrible poisons were enclosed in some of the relics and mummies in such a way that one would touch them without knowing and anyone who touched them would die. But have these poisons lasted three thousand years? The Old Testament speaks of the weird powers of the Egyptian court magicians, and it looks as if a three thousand year old voodoo has returned to plague a new generation.

SMART.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE 1922-23



## MY TRIP TO S. A. C. IN 1950.

On a sunny June day in the year 1950 I started out to visit the new school building, and being an old boy I had been informed that I would be expected to make a short radio address to the boys.

At last after a sorrowful farewell I summoned my radio-plane and started on my journey. The next day I arrived in time for breakfast, and after a long and tiresome meal, the Headmaster and I started a tour of the grounds. We went in the Doctor's spacious car and took lunch with us as it would take quite a long time to tour the broad fields.

The first thing that caught my eye was a number of tables arranged in a covered field. After enquiring, I learned that this was where the boys indulged in the strenuous game of dominoes, which the Doctor said was to train their minds and leg muscles. Further on we came to the ping-pong and tiddlywink courts, where some of the boys were lustily swatting at balloons with a small piece of wood called a driver. Soon we arrived at a shed where all the boys' radio-planes were kept. Just as the sun was setting we arrived at the school after having had a perfect day. That night I made my address in the prayer hall. All the boys wore evening dress and most of them smoked long pipes filled with radium which was for their minds. About my address I will say nothing save that it was met with silence, but when I mentioned a holiday there was much raving and cursing. Summoning my bed late that night I bade it undress me and sing me to sleep.

The next morning we journeyed through the buildings, and after walking for some time, I asked where the classrooms were. "Why, sir," replied the Doctor, "Your ignorance is refreshing. There are no classrooms. Every morning I give my pupils a pill, of which I have a large amount; some are for Geography, some for History, in short for every subject. This makes learning and teaching a painless subject." I was astonished, as my schooling was not at all painless. After viewing the swimming pools and the recreation rooms where the pupils played poker and "shot craps", I decided I had seen enough, so calling my plane, I set the dial for home and went to sleep. My going was greeted with a wild outburst of cheering. In my sleep I dreamed of my own schooling, and with a shudder saw how things had changed. Man's marvellous inventions were making a fool of everything (except myself). When I got home I made a vow never to visit the old school again.

STEWART H. (III.B.).

## THE FRENCH IN THE RUHR.

The seizure of the Ruhr Valley on the part of France is one of the most widely debated subjects of to-day. When France parted company with her allies and marched into the Ruhr district, she did so as an independent nation. While Poincaré was backed by both Chambers of the French Parliament in this movement, the majority of the British Government were of the opinion that this action would not have the desired result. There was no inclination for war with Germany on the part of France, and the apprehension that her move might have this disastrous effect is no longer resting heavily upon the nations. It was reparation, or security for the same, especially in the form of coal supplies, that France demanded.

For over fifty years Germany has been menacing the national existence of France. It was Germany who crushed the French in 1871 and then drained France almost dry by the levy of a huge war indemnity, while during the Great War the Germans sought to make France a subject state. The cunning and obstinacy of the Germanic people has made the reparations bond of the Versailles Treaty a mere matter of words. Ravaged France saw beside her the fruitful territory of her foe which had passed unharmed all through the Great War—a thriving land which seemed to mock the reparation dues which she had faithfully promised to pay. When all that France has suffered at the hands of the Germans is taken into consideration, how can the world expect her to be delinquent in claiming her rights?

The Ruhr district is a vital part of Germany as it supplies this nation with coal, iron and armaments without which the Germans cannot even hope to equip themselves to combat France. Thus the Germans are paralyzed for carrying on war as long as the coal fields and natural resources of the Ruhr Valley are controlled by France. The exact way the French will receive delivery of large quantities of coal from these fields without German opposition, is a problem which at present remains unsolved.

The recovery of the trade of the world will in all probability be retarded by this independent French action. For while France is preventing the industries of Germany from reaching their pre-war standing, at the same time she is not profiting commercially by her solitary movement. This retarding of trade, although an injury to Great Britain, France and other European countries, is benefiting the United States, South America and the countries of the



East. For the lively competition of Germany in the markets of the world had created somewhat of a depression, especially in the markets of the United States. The Germans were able to produce goods and sell them at prices which no other competitors could offer. While the German mark is not valued very highly, either at home or abroad, the cost of the production of goods in Germany is much lower than that of any other manufacturing country. By the expansion of their export trade and the banking of the proceeds in foreign banks, the Germans kept their increasing wealth not only beyond the reach of their own government, but also from the collectors of reparations. Subsequently this naturally produced ill-feeling in France, as she was in urgent need of her already diminished reparation dues.

The question which now arises is: Will Germany allow France to have coal in order that she herself may procure coal to operate her own industries?

J. V. RUSSELL.



ANNOUNCING THE EVENTS—GAMES DAY, 1923

## GOLF AND "GOLPHERS" AT ST. ANDREW'S.

That ancient though celebrated poet who consoled us with "April showers bring flowers," has had his assertion supplemented by, "May mornings bring the golpher." This latter effusion was probably by a more modern and rather flippant bard.

While deploring the lack of poetic genius displayed in this supplement, we dare not criticize its truthfulness. Certainly we must confess acquaintance with that hardy spring annual at St. Andrew's.

This species of the great *Swatibus Swearenchasem* family can be seen any bright May morning engaged in the National pursuit. Though certain members display a peculiar affinity for the Rose-dale Club House their habitat is commonly accepted as the School grounds. This species can in addition be easily detected by its lack of golfing apparel and an accompanying scarcity of clubs.

The rules governing our organization are very simple. So simple indeed that even we who do not indulge can easily remember the gist of them. Rule No. I. No member shall drive a ball towards the school. Rule No. II. The cricket crease is to be used for that game and is NOT to be treated as a fairway. Like all rules these have additions and explanations. It transpires after due inquiry that one Freddie McTaggart while practising the famous "Ottawa drive" was unfortunate enough to hit the ball and even as Mendes with his first snowball, so did "Clinton's Pride."

We hope it will not come amiss if at this juncture we mention that hard working body, "The Rolling Squad." Like the golfer, this small and select company make their appearance between breakfast and morning school. Never having had the honour of helping shove the instrument used by this group, we cannot make a statement as to its exact weight. We extend however a hearty vote of thanks to The Rolling Squad who by dint of great and loving care have conditioned the greens.

The skill of different individuals differs greatly. We have everything from the powerful drive of Stumpy Robertson's, to that famous "Spade Stroke" innovated by Chic Evans Brunt, Hanover's other wise man. Snyder, commonly known in pink tea circles as Lochinvar, is another who has contributed to golf strokes which are making St. Andrew's famous. As an exponent of the more intricate putts our Head Prefect leads the Ottawa foursomes. It is rumoured that in company with Donald Carrick the Upper flat collar adv., he has charitably offered all and sundry a match to determine the championship.

C. H. ARMSTRONG.



## SPRING.

The fragrant fir-tree on a distant hill,  
The sunlight on the valley far below,  
The gently waving golden daffodil,  
The grassy knoll where vagrant breezes blow.

The church-crowned summit of a distant rise  
So near to God and to the soul of man,  
Where rest the living dead in drab disguise.  
Disturb their peaceful slumbers, he who can.

The freshly risen grass that mirrors clear  
The blithesome heart of nature all about,  
The inmost soul of all the world is here,  
The empty cry of "progress" is without.

Let those who would drive nature from the world,  
Or make her but a puny instrument  
See how her glorious banner is unfurled  
Unrivalled in the boundless firmament.

T. F. ASPDEN.

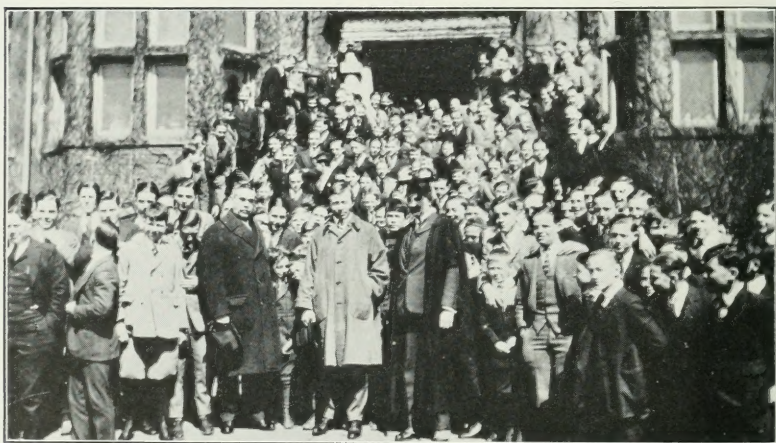


THE "BATTERY"

# SCHOOL NEWS

## VILJHALMUR STEFANSSON.

On the twelfth of April, through the kindness of Colonel A. E. Gooderham, the School was addressed by Viljhalmur Stefansson. This well-known Arctic explorer realistically described to us the more interesting phases of life in the far north. He emphasized the fact that life in the Arctic regions is not nearly so formidable as we have been led to believe, and that it is possible for one to live quite comfortably in those parts provided one has the proper perspective. It was owing to the lack of this that Sir John Franklin's party went to their destruction.



THE VISIT OF STEFANSSON THE EXPLORER

Stefansson is the only navigator who has made extensive use of the natural resources of the far north for purposes of food, light and clothing. His description of seal-catching was especially comprehensive and interesting. He told us that he now enjoyed seal meat even better than veal or beef. We all regretted that owing



to a previous engagement his visit with us was cut short, and look forward to hearing from him the next time he is in the city.

J. V. R.

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## THE ANNUAL ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

This year's Assault-at-Arms kept up the high standard which has been established in former years. A precedent was established by holding the finals in the afternoon instead of in the evening.

For the third year in succession the Boxing Championship was won by Don Carrick, he being unchallenged. Don also carried off the wrestling crown, although given a stiff fight for it by last year's title-holder, Eddie McLennan. Another ex-champion went into the discard when Wood defeated Robertson for the fencing honours.

MacIntyre battered out a win over McTaggart in the 158 lbs. boxing. The winner had the longer reach and made good use of it. The 158 lbs. wrestling was won by Crosbie I., who had the better of a good bout with Thurber. Ault again won the 145 lbs. wrestling but lost in the semi-finals of the boxing to Kirkland after a fast bout which went an extra round. In the final Kirkland defeated Meek in a hammer and tongs battle. "Stump" Robertson carried off the 135 lbs. wrestling, although Home supplied plenty of competition. In the 125 lbs. class, Munn I. won the wrestling, while Stewart I. won the award in the boxing by nosing out McLaren. In the 115 lbs. class Carrick II. kept up the good work of the family by winning the boxing and coming second in the wrestling, Nugent defeating him in the latter.

The lower classes were very well contested among the smaller boys. Spratt II. and Mercer show great promise, the latter winning all his bouts by knock-outs. As usual "Giant" Robertson was in the finals winning the 65 lbs. wrestling but losing the boxing to Ross.

### WRESTLING.

- 65 lbs.—1, Robertson II.; 2, Spratt III.
- 75 lbs.—1, Parker; 2, Lumbers II.
- 85 lbs.—1, Stollmeyer II.; 2, Stollmeyer III.
- 95 lbs.—1, McLennan II.; 2, Patterson.
- 105 lbs.—1, Stewart III.; 2, Brown I.
- 115 lbs.—1, Nugent; 2, Carrick II.

125 lbs.—1, Munn I.; 2, Sherin.  
135 lbs.—1, Robertson I.; 2, Home.  
145 lbs.—1, Ault.  
158 lbs.—1, Crosbie I.  
Heavyweight—1, Carrick I.

#### FENCING.

Senior—1, Wood; 2, Robertson I.  
Junior—1, McTaggart; 2, Hambly.

#### BOXING.

65 lbs.—1, Ross; 2, Robertson IV.  
75 lbs.—1, Watson; 2, Grant III.  
85 lbs.—1, Mercer; 2, Stollmeyer III.  
95 lbs.—1, McLean II.; 2, Davies.  
105 lbs.—1, Sprott II.; 2, Stewart III.  
115 lbs.—1, Carrick II.; 2, Cook.  
125 lbs.—1, Stewart I.; 2, McLaren.  
145 lbs.—1, Kirkland; 2, Meek.  
158 lbs.—1, McIntyre; 2, McTaggart.  
Heavyweight—1, Carrick I.

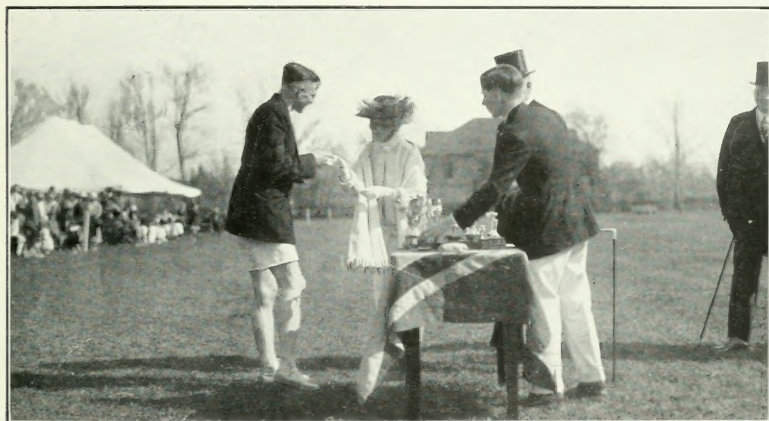


THE START OF THE HALF-MILE RACE



## GAMES DAY, 1923.

The 23rd Annual Athletic meeting was held this year on May 18th. The attendance was unusually large, thanks to the fine weather.. Competition for the different events was very close. The School Championship was won by MacIntyre with eighteen points, while Cortina captured the House Championship with seventeen points to his credit. Noriega won both the Junior School and Junior House Championship with twenty-three points. Mrs. Cockshutt very kindly presented the prizes and asked for a holiday. This request was granted by Dr. Macdonald and was greeted by a



MRS. COCKSHUTT PRESENTING THE TROPHIES TO MACINTYRE, THE SCHOOL CHAMPION

great burst of applause and three cheers. During the afternoon Mrs. Macdonald, assisted by a number of the boys, served tea in her house. An enjoyable "Thé Dansant" was held in the Prayer Hall following the presentation of prizes.

The following were the winners of the various events:—

One Mile Run—1, Home; 2, Reid; 3, Cortina. Time, 5 mins. 10 2-5 secs.

Half Mile Run—1, Cortina; 2, Home; 3, Reid. Time, 2 mins. 26 2-5 secs.

440 Yards Dash—1, Cortina; 2, MacIntyre; 3, Home. Time, 1 min. 9 secs.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1, McTaggart; 2, Paul; 3, Carson. Distance, 349 feet.

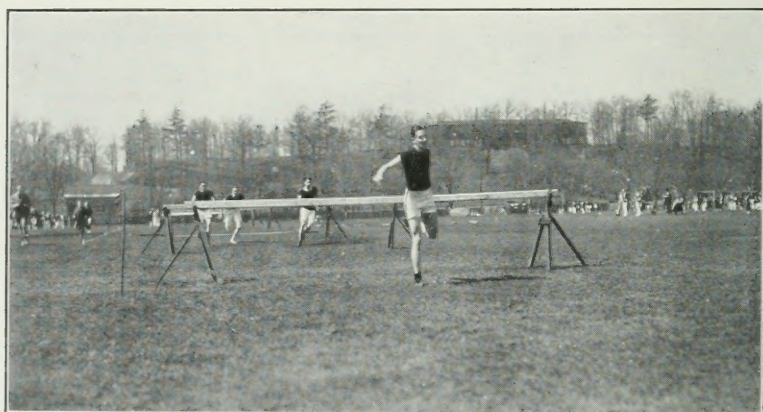
Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1, Careless; 2, Smily; 3, Hunnisett. Distance, ———.

Running High Jump (Junior)—1, Noriega; 2, Smily; 3, Careless. Distance, 4 feet 4 inches.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1, MacIntyre; 2, Scott; 3, Dyment. Distance, 9 feet 2 inches.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Careless; 2, Noriega; 3, Mclean II. Distance, 7 feet 8 inches.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1, Cameron II.; 2, Armstrong; 3, McIntyre. Distance, 18 feet 8 inches.



HAMBLY WINNING THE SENIOR HURDLE RACE

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1, Noriega; 2, Smily; 3, Taylor. Distance, 15 feet 4 inches.

Putting the Shot—1, Carrick I.; 2, McIntyre; 3, Fawcett. Distance, 34 feet.

100 Yards Dash (under 17)—1, Robinson; 2, Ault; 3, Kirkland. Time, 11 4-5 seconds.

50 Yards Dash (Prep. Forms)—1, Applegarth; 2, Duncanson; 3, Johnston. Time, 7 4-5 seconds.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, McIntyre; 2, Dyment; 3, Grant I. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

Hurdles (under 16)—1, Costigane; 2, Nugent; 3, Banfield II.

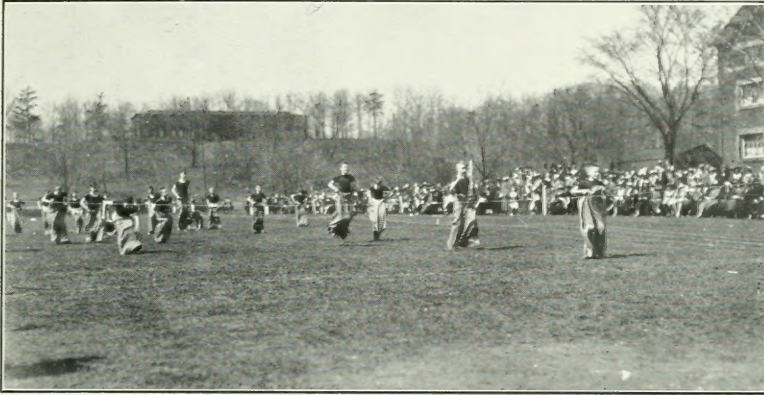
100 Yards Dash (under 13)—1, Broome II.; 2, Strathy; 3, Armstrong. Time, 14 seconds.

Three-Legged Race—1, Maclean and Noriega; 2, Hambly and Cameron II.; 3, Thurber and Murchison.



220 Yards Dash (Senior)—1, Cortina; 2, Dyment; 3, McIntyre. Time, 24 4-5 seconds.

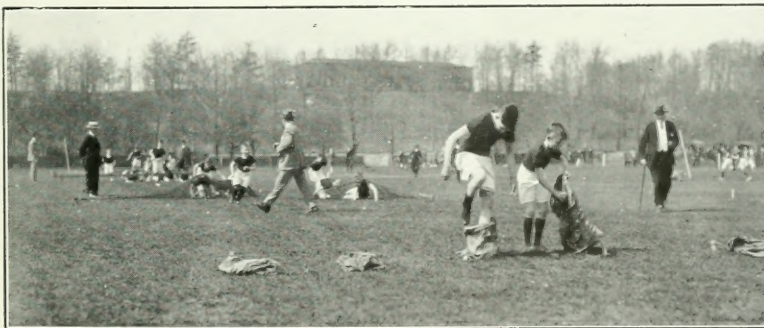
100 Yards Dash (under 16)—1, Russell III.; 2, Costigane; 3, Nelles. Time, 12 seconds.



THE SACK RACE

Lower School Race (Handicap)—1, Taylor; 2, Proctor; 3, O'Connor.

180 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Noriega; 2, Dunlop; 3, Young. Time, 12 1-5 seconds.



THE OBSTACLE RACE

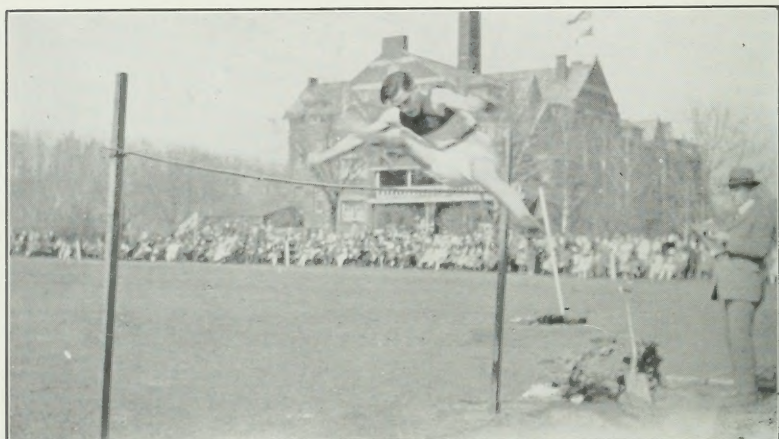
Three-Legged Race (Prep.)—1, Duncanson and Waller; 2, Ruddy and Richardson.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—1, Hambly; 2, Dyment; 3, Cortina. Time, 21 seconds.

220 Yards Dash (Junior)—1, Noriega; 2, Careless; 3, Dunlap.  
Time, 29 1-5 seconds.

Sack Race—1, Robertson; 2, Burson; 3, Fraser.

Obstacle Race—1, Mclean I.; 2, Dennis; 3, Bruce.



THE HIGH JUMP

Running High Jump (Senior)—1, Fisher I.; 2, McIntyre; 3, Cameron II. Height, 5 feet 1 1-2 inches.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—1, Careless; 2, Smily; 3, Scott II. Time, 19 1-5 seconds.



"NETTED" IN THE OBSTACLE RACE

Old Boys' Race—1, Gordon; 2, Carrick; 3, Kinsey.

Table Relay Race—1, Cameron I.'s Table, Cortina, Ault, Crosbie I., McTaggart.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1, Morrison; 2, Heuston; 3, Hannon.  
W. L. E.



## THE CADET CORPS.

At the time of going to press our Cadet Corps has not has its annual inspection. However, thanks to favourable weather and a change in the School time-table, which enables us to have a drill immediately after lunch we are confident of making a good showing.

On Friday night, May 25th, the Corps turned out with the 48th Highlanders with whom we are affiliated. Unfortunately owing to a change in plans no marching was done. The following Sunday, May 27th, we joined the 48th in the Annual Garrison Parade in



THE CADET CORPS INSPECTION, JUNE 1, 1923. "A" COMPANY

which the Toronto Militia took part. The different units totalling in all about 5,000 men, looked very smart and Toronto's citizens were once more impressed with the force which represents their part of "Britain's fighting sons." The route of march was from the Armouries to the Arena Gardens via Queen and Mutual streets. After a short but inspiring address by Canon Cody, the various units formed up on Mutual Street whence they marched via Jarvis and Wellesley to Queen's Park. On University avenue Baron Byng of Vimy took the salute.

This article would not be complete without mention of the Cadet Corps Band. We have an unusually large band this year, and in spite of the fact that many members had no former experience, improvement under Capt. Slatter has been very gratifying.

The officers for this year 1922-23 are:—Capt., J. A. Cameron; Lieut., R. J. Cameron; Lieut., M. G. White; Lieut., F. M. Lyon; Lieut. C. H. Armstrong; Bandmaster, R. M. Curry; Sergeant-Major, W. G. McMurtry.

C. H. A.



THE CADET CORPS PARADE



## THE UPPER SIXTH FORM.

Why should the Upper Sixth need an introduction when we have in our number such famous characters as Jno. B. Moore and "Bozo" Snyder? You can see how brilliant we are from our picture and in any case there is no room here to give the subject justice. If we fail to do well in June it will be because there are just thirteen writing; if we do well it will be because common superstitions have no power over us—and also because certain masters have worked conscientiously to that end.

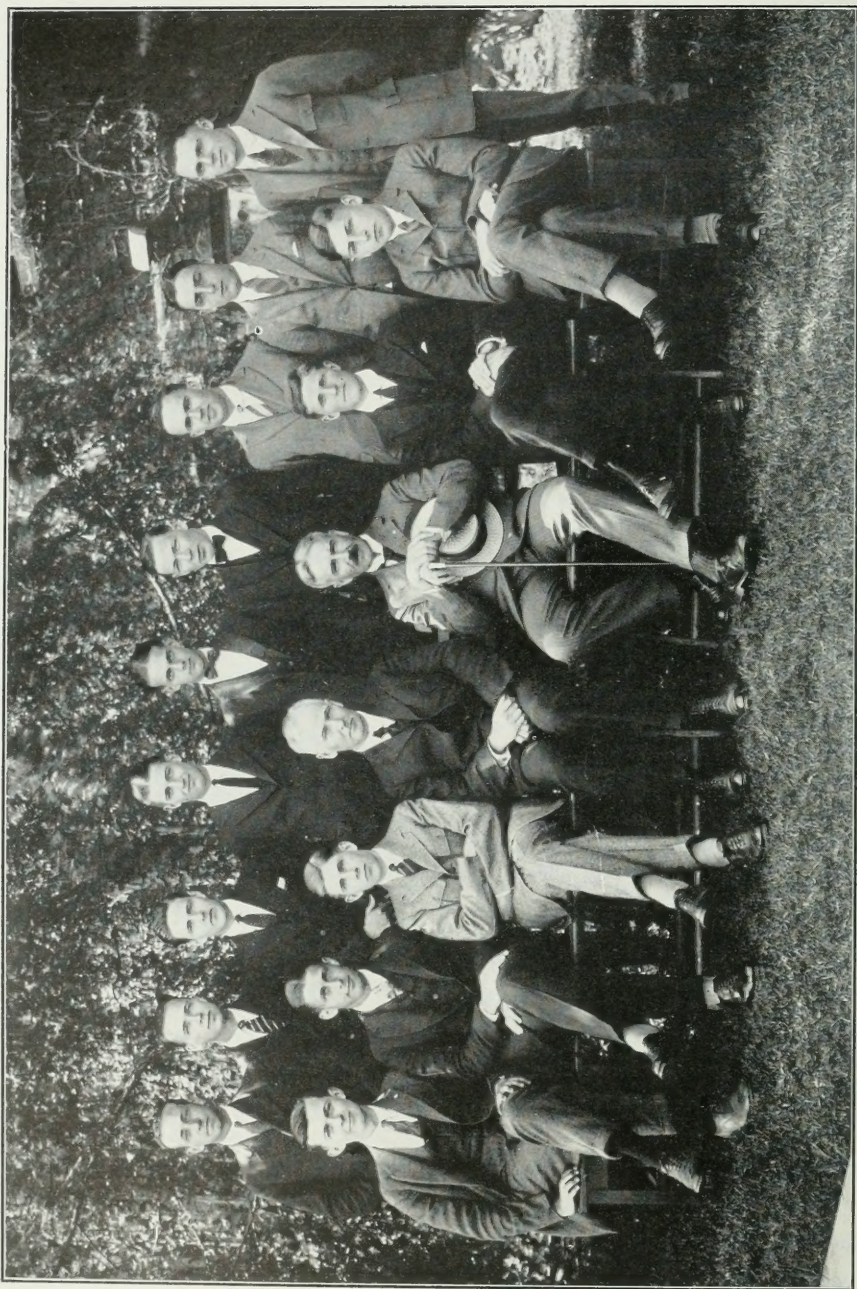
According to custom we congratulate Mr. Robinson on having such an excellent lot of fellows in his form and proceed to enumerate:—

"JACK" CAMERON—Well, now, what is there left to say about Jack? Ottawa junior golf champion; goal keeper with the Granites, Canadian amateur champions; one time cricketer with Yorkshires; not to mention head prefect; captain of Cadet Corps and four colours earned in 1919. Why trifle with the future? But Jack expects to go to McGill next year for a course in architecture, and also a trip to the Olympic games. Something tells us it will not be hard to find him in Montreal.

"JERRY" REID—Jerry portaged down here from Portage du Fort in 1917, and has apparently been enjoying himself ever since. There is never a sport in which Jerry fails to take a part; rugby, hockey, cricket, basketball, tennis or golf, you will find Jerry playing in all seasons and all weather. One day he won the cross-country run and the next he won the senior shooting, getting his name on the Walker and Christie Cups. After that he carved it on his desk. Jerry is going to take up Commerce and Finance at McGill, and we hope he will be able to play with that, too.

"FRED" LYON—Energetic half-back, hockey captain, cricket captain, and—would you believe it—scholar, with third and second place at Christmas and Easter. In 1918, when it looked as if he had a good chance to make the Lower School cricket team, watchful Davis stole him for the first eleven, and he has been going strong ever since. But what can you expect when it is in the blood? Oh, yes, and golf, too. Fred is going to take Commerce and Finance at Toronto, but if you ever want to find him, search at Lambton and you won't go far wrong.

"MAC" MCDUGAL—No well defined nickname, but we think it ought to be "Scottie." The chief occupations of the famous



UPPER SIXTH 1922-23



whiskey tenor are the rolling squad and marking the tennis court. "How public spir——" Oh, no, just for credit. He is also a steady clubman (Rosedale Club, morning session). His ambition is to introduce golf at Owen Sound, and then show the boys up. Mac is going to take Steve's advice and go into business. We feel that an opportunity will be lost if they don't go into partnership.

"PETE" FERGUSON—One of the lordly prefects, but "Pete" is not always proud; in fact, just before shaving he will speak to anybody. After turning the tricky corner he will make Osgoode Hall his first mile-post. Pete has twice been flying wing on our rugby team, and if he leaves us this year it will be very hard to replace him, as there could be no more active worker. "Get organized there, boys, get organized!" We would also miss him as our "Skits" editor, in which position he has done a great deal of work. But "Pete" says he may be back—it all depends.

"HINK" RUSSELL—It would be unfair not to mention St. John in this connection—unfair to St. John, and unfair to the girls, who should have at least that intimation of Hink's wild past. Though Hink is usually present when there are girls. However, this does not keep him entirely from more prosaic occupations—for instance, he is our leading pianist, besides being quite a tennis star. Like most Easterners, Hink made McGill his objective, and if past exam. results are any indication, he will have gained it by next year. After completing an Arts course he will take up law at Toronto.

ALLAN FAWCETT—Occasionally we have noticed a fair-haired youth in our midst. It had been discovered that he answered to the name of Fawcett and came from Port Colborne, but for more information we had to interview him. He is writing four honour papers, while completing his junior matriculation, and will return next year to finish his honour work with a view to entering "Arts" at Toronto University. In his spare time he managed to get his nose broken playing rugby. If he plays as hard next year he may get it broken again and then the slight twist could be taken out in the re-setting. Fawcett or no faucet, the tap won't turn, and he is silent about his future, but it is hard to tell—these quiet fellows.

"CICERO" ROBINSON—The fun maker of the form. He may frequently be found playing catch in the class-room with some of the cricket enthusiasts. He is also a tennis player, and we expect "Jenobie" Moore will have to stretch himself if he is to retain his laurels. "Cicero" is quite a sprinter, and was one of our three re-

representatives on Sports Day. Robinson expects to study Mathematics and Physics at Toronto with a view to a professorship, and we have no doubt we will find him some day at the head of his department.

DUNCAN MCINTYRE—Has not been with us long enough to develop a nick-name, but still it has been long enough to make himself popular with his classmates, and to carry off the Senior Championship on Sports Day for the Upper Sixth. Are we proud of him Well, I should say so. "Mac" will either be back next year or will be taking an Arts course at Toronto.

RUSSELL STEPHENSON—A good enough name, but somehow his friends cut it down to "Steevie." He spent his spare time in the fall playing rugby, and when the hockey season began he signed up with the famous "Never Sweats." When this tribe became extinct he was absorbed into the second hockey team, and everything was "fi—i—ine." With Steevie everything usually was "fi—i—ine." He has left us to go into business, and we miss his moustache badly. We were all very proud of it. Before he left us he would answer "dilly" whenever addressed. This was first thought to be a sign of irritation, but was found to mean exactly the same as "fi—i—ine." We send our best wishes after "Steevie," and hope that with him everything is still "dilly."

"CHEESE" ASHENHURST—"Jenobie" Moore's great tennis rival and star soccer full-back with the "Boozers Boys." Ashenhurst is going to take up medicine at Toronto University, and his ambition is to become a great surgeon. (We don't know whom he has the grudge against.) "Cheese" has the persistence necessary for this branch of training, and the steadiness necessary for practice, and we all hope he will be successful.

"Bozo" SNYDER—The latest addition to our select circle. His favourite occupation is having his Horace done when Cicero was set. He finds cricket very amusing, but takes golf more seriously. "Bozo" hails from the world-famous Niagara Falls, and since he has consorted with fame from his earliest youth we have no doubt he will some day gather a share of his own, but from what direction we are, as yet, unable to guess.

"JENOBIE" MOORE—Tennis fiend and "Controller" on the Toronto Boys' Municipal Council. He spends his time reporting for the "Boys' Tely," being elected to committees, making speeches and organizing ball leagues; he plays soccer, rugby and baseball, and gets in a little school as a side line. He is going to take Politi-



cal Science at Toronto University, and says he will make law or journalism his future, but we suspect he will run for Mayor.

"BILL" EASTON—"Bill" is one of the "old guard," having entered the prep. form in 1915. A baseball fan and figure in society, "Bill" never seems to study, but usually has something to show for it, being one of the bright lights of the form. His specialty is languages, and he is going to take up Modern Languages at Toronto University. This and a certain other characteristic would make him an excellent policeman in New York. As a matter of fact, "Bill" is going to take a position in New York, where he can make good use of his natural ability at languages.

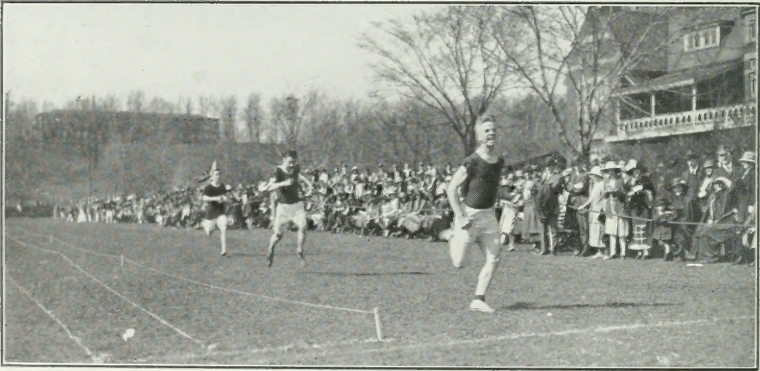
BEER, "JACK"—"Boozer" is considered as one of the school's brightest boys, playing the ukabumbor, rugby and one or two other musical instruments including an accordion. He has twelve first-class honours on his junior "Matric," a small crate of medals and Cups for athletics and studies, a first team rugby colour—and is a prefect. Despite this "Boozer" wears one of the smallest hats in the school, and also decks himself off with glasses and one or two freckles. Owing to his recent illness, when he was all for playing his "uka" to the angels to show its superiority over the harp, "Boozer" will not write his exams this year, so he will be back with us next term—the school is saved. "Jawn ain't good looking but he's got a lot of sense."

W. A. B.

## SCHOOL INSURANCE.

On Tuesday the 29th of May representatives of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association visited us for the purpose of explaining the Insurance plan in connection with the building of the new school. Mr. Clark Acton, the first speaker, very lucidly but briefly, laid the facts of the scheme before us. Mr. G. E. Whitaker followed him and in a quiet manner reassured us that the Old Boys were behind us and asked for our assistance in this proposition. The last speaker was Mr. Lyman P. Howe, President of the Old Boys' Association, who more definitely defined the scheme. The response was unanimous. Over twenty of the senior boys have already taken out insurance in favour of the school and the prospects are very good for even more.

J. V. R.



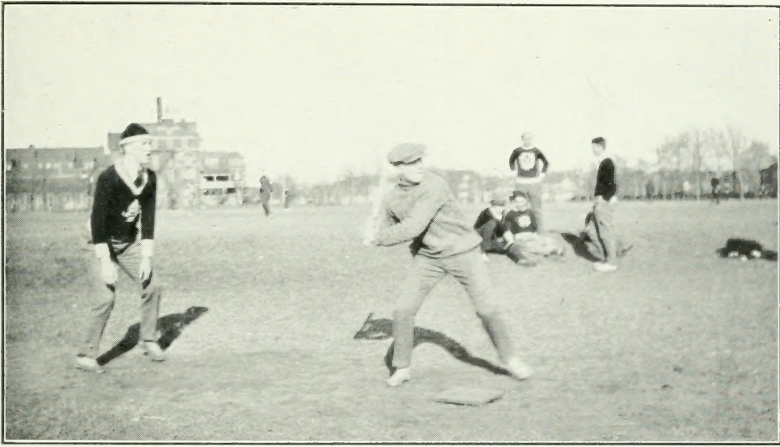
THE FINISH OF THE TABLE RELAY RACE



## BASEBALL.

Baseball, like soccer, took its place as an inter-season game this year. Owing to a cold spring and an early Easter, it was impossible to commence cricket activities until nearly three weeks of the term had elapsed. Accordingly, three leagues, the National, the American, and the International, composed of four teams each, were formed.

In the American League Reid's team came out on top with six straight victories, while McTaggart's team was a close second.



"STRIKE ONE"

Alvey's team were victorious in the National, with Lewis's nine a contender all the way. The pennant fight in the International League was very close, and it was only after a play-off that McLaren's team succeeded in winning out.

The championship teams of the American and National Leagues then engaged in a "World's Series" of one game. This was more or less of a walk-away, and resulted in a win for Reid's team by the score of 21-2.

W. L. E.

## THE MASTERS' CRICKET TEAM.

This term the masters have shown their interest in our summer sport in a most practical way; namely, by forming a team of no mean strength under the captaincy of Mr. Tudball, to play the boys, who have benefited by the games, and have been "on their toes" to win the games. True, this team has not yet won from the boys, but in the contests that have taken place up to the time of writing, the result of the matches with the 2nd team have been very close and the games most interesting. Youth will be served, and the better condition of the boys told against the lack of practice of the older and probably more experienced cricketers. Possibly in the next game the result will be reversed, for with bowlers



THE MASTERS' CRICKET TEAM

of experience such as Mr. Harris, Mr. Norton, Mr. Widdrington and Mr. Gregory, the effective deliveries of Mr. Laidlaw and the "googlies" of Mr. Ramsay, the safe wicket keeping of Mr. Cousland. and with eleven batsmen any one of whom is liable to make a high score at any time, the possibilities are unlimited. Nor must we neglect to congratulate our 2nd team on their victory over such a doughty array. Sixty-one runs to the fifty-six totalled by the masters is not high scoring, but we must mention the hard hitting of Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Church, and the absence of "ducks" on the scoring sheet. The remark of a small spectator from the Lower School was very much to the point—"The Masters would have done much better if they had stayed in longer."





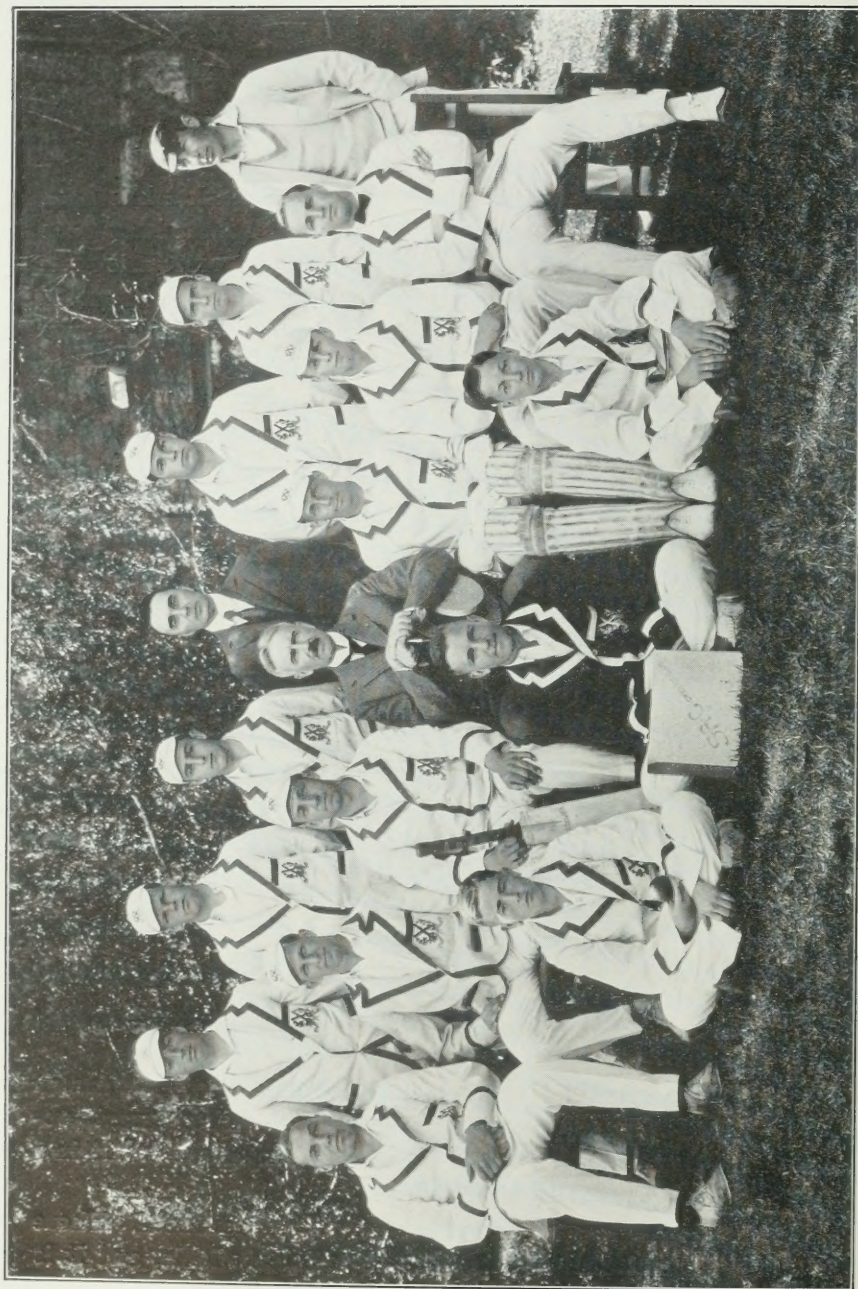
In spite of adverse weather and a late start, cricket has been heartily entered into by all. Besides the first team there have been three other squads of from fifteen to twenty-five players. The masters, especially, showing a great deal of enthusiasm, have devoted much of their spare time to teaching the rudiments of the game to the more inexperienced players.



F. M. LYON, CRICKET CAPTAIN AND MAKER OF THE  
SCHOOL RECORD (125 NOT OUT) AGAINST U.C.C.

So far this season the first team have won four games, drawn one and lost none; a very creditable record. They show great promise of things to come and, with a little more confidence in batting, will go a long way in the Little Big Four.

The second team has not, as yet, been really organized. There is, however, a great deal of very fair material available, and it is to be hoped that some successful matches can be played.



THE FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN, 1923



## FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL.

CAMERON I., "JACK"—Fourth year on the team, and is probably the most reliable batter we have. His experience gained as goal-keeper for Granites has proved very useful to him as wicket-keeper.

MCCANNELL, "JACK"—His bowling has developed very much and he is one of the mainstays of the team. We are hoping to see him equal his good batting record of last year.

CAMERON, "JOE"—Third year on the team. He is a very steady fielder and makes a good substitute wicket-keeper.

PALMER, "D'ARCY"—A hard hitter, who, it is hoped, will duplicate his feat of last year, when he led the Little Big Four in batting. Also a very good change bowler.

REID, "GERRY"—Best fielder on the team, and also a reliable batter. He has a very good eye and we are counting on his making some good scores before the end of the season.

CARRICK, "DON"—A very much improved batter. His fielding is excellent, and he is responsible for stopping many hard hit balls.



THE "UNDER SIXTEEN" CRICKET TEAM

MCLEAN, "GEORGE"—Makes up for his lack of stature by good all-round work. His bowling has been tricky and his batting well above par. He has certainly been the find of the season.

MCTAGGART, "MAC"—A wonderful long-fielder who possesses a strong throwing arm. His batting is rather erratic, but when he connects it usually means a boundary.

BIRKETT, "TED"—A good fielder and a fair batter. He is rather inexperienced but will certainly improve.

HOME, "KEN"—Third year on the team. His bowling featured in the first few games but he has since been handicapped by a sore arm.

LYON, "FREDDIE" (Capt.)—This year is his fifth on the team and he is playing better than ever. He is by far the best all-round player on the team and makes an excellent captain. His record of 125 runs (not out) against U.C.C. was a remarkable performance.

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### S. A. C. vs. YORKSHIRES.

As has been the custom for the last three years, the opening game was played with Yorkshires, the former Canadian champions.

Unfortunately, they were unable to send up their best team on April 28th, and they fell victim to our eleven, which showed promise for the future.

Yorkshires went in to bat first and were dismissed for a total of 52. St. Andrew's then went in and knocked up 95 runs, Cameron II. having top score with 18.

#### YORKSHIRES.

Kerslake, c. McCannel, b. Home .....	0
Widdrington, c. Evans, b. Home .....	2
Campbell, st. Cameron I., b. Home .....	0
Black, st. Cameron I., b. McCannell .....	3
Murray, c. Carrick I., b. Home .....	17
Stawsby, l.b.w., b. McCannell .....	0
Munn, c. Palmer, b. McCannell .....	14
Tudball, c. Lyon, b. Evans .....	0
Cortina, c. Birkett, b. Evans .....	13
Mendes, b. Evans .....	0
Murchison, not out .....	3
Total .....	52



## S. A. C.

Lyon, b. Black .....	11
McCannell, b. Murray .....	0
Cameron I., b. Widdington .....	15
Palmer, b. Murray .....	12
Reid, run out .....	10
Home, c. and b. Campbell .....	11
Cameron II., b. Murray .....	18
Carrick I., b. Murray .....	0
Birkett, not out .....	2
Evans, b. Campbell .....	1
Ault, b. Campbell .....	1
Byes .....	14
Total .....	97

## S. A. C. vs. ST. GEORGE'S.

The second game of the season was played against St. George's and resulted in an easy win by the score of 83-15. Our opponents' small total may be credited to the fine bowling of Home and Lyon, and the snappy fielding of the whole team. Home took 7 wickets for 8 runs, while Lyon took 4 for 6. Carrick I. was high man with the bat, turning in a well-played 32.

## S. A. C.

McCannell, c. Heather, b. Pickard .....	5
Lyon, b. Panter .....	10
Reid, b. Panter .....	10
Palmer, b. Ward .....	6
Cameron II., b. Panter .....	0
Home, b. Panter .....	1
Carrick I., b. Wilson .....	32
Birkett, b. Panter .....	2
Ault, b. Panter .....	4
Cortina, c. Heather, b. Panter .....	2
Evans, c. Bradley, b. Wilson .....	1
Whillans, not out .....	1
Byes .....	9
Total .....	83

## ST. GEORGE'S.

Robinson, c. Lyon, b. Home .....	0
Malcolm, b. Lyon .....	0
Hunting, b. Home .....	5
Walsh, st. Cameron II., b. Lyon .....	1
Pickard, b. Lyon .....	0
Geldard, b. Home .....	2
Panter, b. Home .....	0
Heather, c. Reid, b. Home .....	6
Wilson, c. Palmer, b. Home .....	0
Ward, b. Lyon .....	0
Bradley, not out .....	0
Herbert, c. Lyon, b. Home .....	0
Byes .....	1
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Total .....	15

## S. A. C. vs. ROSEDALE.

On May 12th, the annual game with Rosedale was played and resulted in a draw. S. A. C. went in first, and, after losing 5 wickets for 103 runs, declared. Rosedale then made 74 for 9 wickets, when stumps had to be drawn. Cameron I. and Lyon made 41 not out, and 33, respectively, for S. A. C., while Gartshore made top score for Rosedale, with 33.

## S. A. C.

Lyon, b. Mason .....	34
McCannell, b. Shenton .....	1
Cameron I., not out .....	41
Palmer, b. Mason .....	1
Cameron II., b. Carpentier .....	16
Carrick I., b. Shenton .....	7
Birkett, not out .....	1
Cortina, Ault, Munn II., Cameron III., did not bat.	
Byes .....	2
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Total (for 5 wickets) .....	103



## ROSEDALE.

Gartshore, b. McCannell .....	33
Nixon, b. Cortina .....	5
McGregor, b. McCannell .....	5
Mason, c. McConnell, b. Palmer .....	10
Carpentier, b. McCannell .....	1
Barford, c. Cameron, b. Munn II. ....	4
Shenton, b. McCannell .....	0
Gibson, run out .....	1
Lewis, not out .....	9
Evans, c. Munn II., b. McCannell .....	1
Munn I., not out .....	0
Byes .....	5
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Total (for 9 wickets) .....	74

## BOWLING.

## S. A. C.

S. A. C.		ROSEDALE.	
McCannell, 5 for .....	37	Shenton, 2 for .....	14
Cortina, 1 for .....	9	Carpentier, 1 for .....	14
Palmer, 1 for .....	13	Mason, 2 for .....	18
Munn II., 1 for .....	6	Barford, 0 for .....	15
Lyon, 0 for .....	3		

## S. A. C. vs. OLD BOYS.

The Old Boys' game was played May 16th, on a wicket which was decidedly to the bowler's advantage. The Old Boys were all out for the small total of 22. For S. A. C., McLean distinguished himself by taking 2 wickets for 3 runs, and also by making the high score, 8. Lyon took 5 wickets for 4 runs.

## OLD BOYS.

G. Hewitt, run out .....	5
B. King, b. McCannell .....	0
W. Cameron, st. Cameron II., b. McCannell .....	0
A. Auld, c. Ault, b. McCannell .....	7
G. Cassel, b. Lyon .....	0
M. B. McPherson, b. Lyon .....	0
B. Findlay, b. McLean .....	2
I. Patterson, b. Lyon .....	0
I. Dymment, c. McLean, b. Lyon .....	2
N. McPherson, c. Cameron, b. Lyon .....	3
H. Watson, c. Ault, b. McLean .....	0
A. Ramsay, not out .....	0
Total .....	19

## S. A. C.

Birkett, b. King .....	0
Munn II., b. Findlay .....	1
Ault, b. King .....	1
McLean, b. Cassels .....	8
Carrick I., not out .....	5
Palmer, c. Hewitt, b. Cassels .....	2
Reid, b. McPherson .....	3
McCannell, b. McPherson .....	2
Cameron I., Cameron II., Lyon, did not bat.	
Total .....	22

## BOWLING.

## OLD BOYS.

## S. A. C.

King, 2 for .....	2	Lyon, 5 for .....	4
Findlay, 1 for .....	0	McCannell, 4 for .....	12
McPherson, 1 for .....	5	McLean, 2 for .....	3
Auld, 0 for .....	6		
Dymment, 0 for .....	2		
Cassels, 2 for .....	4		
McPherson, 1 for .....	3		



## S. A. C. vs. ST. CYPRIAN'S.

The best game of the year, so far, was played on May 19th, against St. Cyprian's. We were fortunate to win by a five run margin, thanks to a last wicket stand by Birkett and Home, the former making 14 runs, while the latter made 10 not out. Ferguson was the leading scorer for the visitors with 14. McLean again starred in his bowling, taking 2 wickets for 0 runs in 3 balls.

## S. A. C.

Cameron I., c. Ottley, b. Barber .....	6
Lyon, c. Eckersley, b. Smith .....	2
Reid, c. W. Smith, b. Smith .....	0
McLean, b. Smith .....	6
Cameron II., c. W. Smith, b. Smith .....	3
Noriega, c. and b. Smith .....	0
Carrick I., run out. ....	2
McCannell, b. Smith .....	8
Birkett, c. Ottley, b. Barber. ....	14
Ault, l.b.w., b. Barber .....	0
Home, not out .....	10
Byes .....	1
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Total .....	52

## ST. CYPRIAN'S.

Ferguson, b. Lyon .....	14
Eckersley, c. Birkett, b. Lyon .....	8
J. W. Smith, c. Noriega, b. McCannell .....	2
Holt, c. McLean, b. Lyon .....	0
Bruce, b. McLean .....	9
Ottley, run out .....	2
Bloom, run out .....	0
Davies, c. Birkett, b. Lyon .....	5
W. Smith, not out .....	0
Clark, c. and b. McLean .....	0
Byes .....	7
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Total .....	47

## BOWLING.

S. A. C.		ST. CYPRIAN'S.	
Lyon, 5 for .....	20	Barber, 2 for .....	31
McCannell, 1 for .....	20	Smith, 7 for .....	20
McLean, 2 for .....	0		

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## S. A. C. vs. GRACE CHURCH.

On Victoria Day an all-day match with Grace Church was played. Our visitors went in first and were all out for 55. We went in and succeeded in knocking up 112 runs. In the second innings Grace Church did much better, reaching a total of 103, of which Melville made 25 and Paris 22. With only 47 runs needed to win in the second innings things looked pretty sure. However, Groves and Edwards did some fine work, taking 7 wickets for 26 runs. With 3 more wickets to fall and 19 runs to win, it was found necessary to draw tumps and the game was won on the first innings.

## GRACE CHURCH—FIRST INNINGS.

Beardall, run out .....	9
Edwards, b. Lyon .....	6
Melville, b. McCannell .....	1
Muckleston, b. Lyon .....	5
Hetherington, by Lyon .....	11
Paris, c. and b. Lyon .....	4
Richardson, b. Lyon .....	0
Bland, b. Lyon .....	0
Hill, b. Lyon .....	15
Groves, b. Lyon .....	4
Campbell, not out .....	0
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Total .....	55



## SECOND INNINGS.

Bland, c. Ault, b. Lyon .....	0
Hetherington, c. Cameron I., b. Evans .....	5
Hill, c. Cameron I., b. Noriega .....	7
Edwards, c. McTaggart, b. Lyon .....	5
Beardall, l.b.w., b. Noriega .....	18
Paris, b. Lyon .....	22
Melville, c. Ault, b. McLean .....	25
Muckelston, b. McLean .....	4
Campbell, not out .....	10
Richardson, b. McLean .....	1
Groves, c. McTaggart, b. McLean .....	4
Byes .....	2
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Total .....	103

## S. A. C.—FIRST INNINGS.

Reid, c. Beardall, b. Groves .....	12
Cameron I., c. Melville, b. Hetherington .....	24
McCannell, b. Hill .....	9
Cameron II., b. Groves .....	1
Lyon, c. Groves .....	0
McLean, b. Groves .....	18
Evans, c. and b. Edwards .....	12
McTaggart, c. Campbell, b. Edwards .....	0
Noriega, b. Groves .....	9
Munn II., not out .....	8
Ault, b. Edwards .....	8
Byes .....	11
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Total .....	112

## SECOND INNINGS.

McCannell, c. Paris, b. Edwards .....	1
Cameron II., c. Melville, b. Groves .....	0
Munn II., c. Parish, b. Edwards .....	6
McTaggart, b. Edwards .....	1
Ault, b. Edwards .....	0
Lyon, not out .....	17
Reid, b. Groves .....	0
Evans, c. Melville, b. Groves .....	2
Noriega, not out .....	2
McLean, Cameron I., did not bat.	
Byes .....	1
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Total .....	31

## S. A. C. vs. TORONTO C. C.

On Wednesday, May 30th, the first team met Toronto Cricket Club in a friendly game. The latter were without two or three of their regulars, and were rather easy victims, losing by over 100 runs. For S. A. C. Cameron I., Cameron II., and Reid were batting stars with 56 (not out), 53 and 49 respectively.

## S. A. C.

Lyon, b. Hague .....	10
Cameron, I., retired .....	56
Reid, c. Martin, b. Grier .....	49
McCannell, b. Grier .....	0
Palmer, b. Grier .....	0
Cameron II., b. Home .....	53
Carrick, b. Goodman .....	8
McTaggart, b. Hague .....	8
McLean, b. Wilkes .....	6
Birkett, b. Wilkes .....	0
Home, not out .....	0
Extras .....	7
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Total .....	197



## TORONTO C. C.

Biggar, c. Cameron I., b. Home .....	2
Loosemoore, b. Home .....	4
Goodman, b. McLean .....	31
Wilkes, b. Home .....	0
Martin, l.b.w., b. McLean .....	26
Northey, c. Carrick, b. Lyon .....	0
Cayley, c. McTaggart, b. McLean .....	1
Grier, run out .....	15
Dean, not out .....	11
Hague, c. Lyon, b. McCannell .....	0
Dunnock, b. Lyon .....	0
Extras .....	2
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Total .....	92

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S. A. S. vs. U. C. C.

On Saturday, June 2nd, the first game of the Little Big Four was played, our opponents being U. C. C. It was a batter's wicket which accounts for the high total. The final score was, S. A. C. 219, U. C. C. 158. The greatest feature of the day was the wonderful batting of Freddie Lyon, who knocked up the magnificent score of 125 not out. This is a record for School cricket in Canada. Freddie's father, Mr. G. S. Lyon, holds the Canadian record of 238 not out. After the game Freddie was the recipient of two bats, one being given by the School, while the other, which Lyon used during the game, was donated by Harry Davis, our cricket pro.

## S. A. C.

Lyon, not out .....	125
Cameron I., c. Connell, b. Seagram .....	18
Reid, c. Connell, b. Seagram .....	1
McCannell, c. Lyon, b. Anderson .....	1
Cameron II., c. Connell, b. Seagram .....	14
Palmer, b. Seagram .....	16
McLean, run out .....	3
McTaggart, c. Armstrong, b. Seagram .....	3
Carrick I., b. Seagram .....	16
Home, b. Baker .....	7
Birkett, c. Anderson, b. Baker .....	1
Extras .....	14
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Total .....	219

## U. C. C.

Woods, c. Cameron I., b. Home .....	1
Armstrong, c. and b. Lyon .....	33
Barton, c. McTaggart, b. McLean .....	5
Smith, b. Home .....	0
Seagram, b. McLean .....	48
Rogers, c. Palmer, b. McLean .....	5
Baker, c. Cameron I., b. McLean .....	4
Logie, c. Palmer, b. Reid .....	17
Connell, c. Cameron II., b. McCannell .....	14
Matthews, b. Reid .....	14
Anderson, not out .....	5
Extras .....	12
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Total .....	158



**S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.**

On June 8th the second game of the Little Big Four was played against T.C.S. We battled first on a wet pitch and were all out for 104, to which Reid contributed 27 and McCannell 20. When T.C.S. went to bat the pitch had dried considerably, and they were able, partly owing to some slack fielding, to run up 111 for 8 wickets, and so to win the game.

**S. A. C.**

Cameron I., b. Cruikshank .....	3
Lyon, b. Spragge .....	4
Reid, c. Cameron, b. Spragge .....	27
McCannell, b. McLeod .....	20
Palmer, b. Cameron .....	7
Cameron II., b. McLeod .....	6
Carrick I., b. McLeod .....	0
McLean, b. Lennard .....	10
McTaggart, b. McLeod .....	1
Home, b. McLeod .....	3
Birkett, not out .....	8
Extras .....	15
	<hr/>
	104

**T. C. S.**

Cameron, b. Lyon .....	45
Summerhager, run out .....	0
Lennard, c. Reid, b. Home .....	18
Spragge, b. Lyon .....	5
Osler, b. Lyon .....	5
Hyland, not out .....	16
Burns, b. Lyon .....	12
Boulton, b. Lyon .....	0
Lyon, b. McLean .....	13
McLeod, Cruikshank, did not bat.	
Extras .....	2
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	111

**S.A.C. vs. RIDLEY.**

The last game of the season was played against Ridley on June 9th. S.A.C. went to bat first and made 149 runs, thanks to a fine 63 by Palmer. Cameron I., McTaggart and Cameron II., also got into double figures. Ridley then went in and owing to splendid bowling by McLean and Lyon were dismissed for a total of 77. This game was the first which we have won from Ridley for fifteen years, and ensured us a place at the top.

**S. A. C.**

Cameron I., c. and b. Arnott .....	24
Lyon, c. Snyder, b. Millidge .....	8
Reid, b. Arnott .....	4
McCannell, b. Arnott .....	6
McLean, b. Arnott .....	5
Cameron II., b. Millidge .....	14
Palmer, b. Millidge .....	63
Carrick, l.b.w., b. Millidge .....	0
Birkett, c. Cliff, b. Millidge .....	1
McTaggart, c. Dodge, b. Lennox .....	17
Home, not out .....	0
Extras .....	7
	<hr/>
	149

**RIDLEY.**

Soames, b. Lyon .....	7
Dodge, c. Cameron, b. Lyon .....	9
Lennox, c. McTaggart, b. McLean .....	0
Cliff, run out .....	0
Millidge, c. McCannell, b. Lyon .....	23
Osler, c. and b. McLean .....	14
Gordon, c. McCannell, b. McLean .....	2
Snyder, c. McCannell, b. Lyon .....	3
McCormack, b. McLean .....	9
Arnott, b. McLean .....	0
Lewis, not out .....	2
Extras .....	8
	<hr/>
	77



## BOWLING.

RIDLEY.		S. A. C.	
Millidge, 5 for .....	30	Lyon, 4 for .....	42
Arnott, 4 for .....	88	McLean, 5 for .....	28
Lennox, 1 for .....	24		

## FIRST TEAM BATTING AVERAGES, 1923.

	In	Runs	H.S.	N.O.	Aver.
J. A. Cameron .....	7	181	56*	2	36.2
F. M. Lyon .....	10	221	125*	2	27.6
G. U. Reid .....	8	116	49	0	14.5
R. J. Cameron .....	10	125	53	0	12.5
D. Palmer .....	9	107	63	0	11.9
D. D. Carrick .....	8	70	32	1	8.75
K. Home .....	6	32	11	2	8
G. McLean .....	7	56	18	0	8
F. G. McTaggart .....	5	30	17	0	6
J. McCannell .....	11	53	20	0	4.8
E. Birkett .....	9	29	14	3	4.8

\*Signifies "not out."

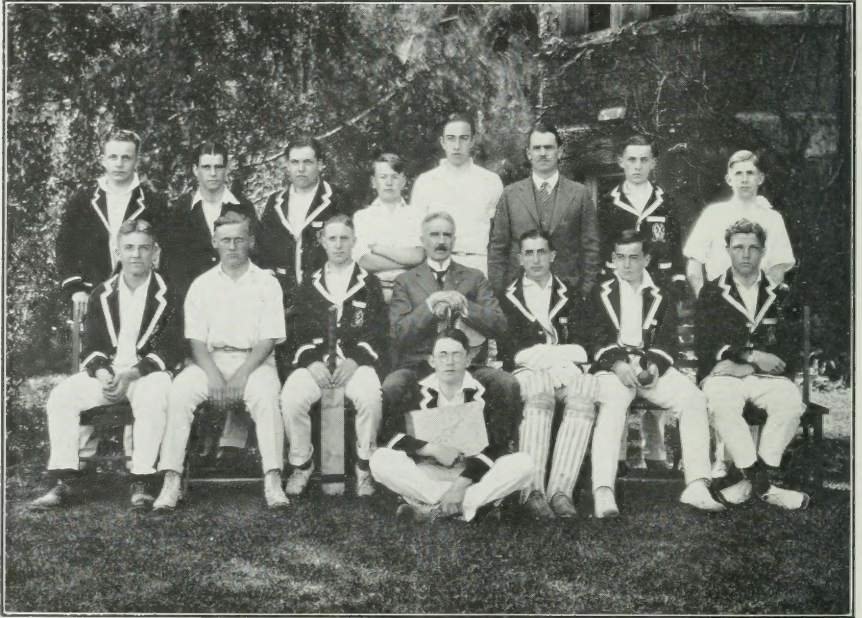
## BOWLING AVERAGES.

	O	M	R	W	Ave.
K. Home .....	34	10	118	21	5.6
F. M. Lyon .....	106	33	241	37	6.5
G. McLean .....	82 1-3	21	111	17	6.5
J. McCannell .....	58	11	175	16	10.9
G. U. Reid .....	8 1-3	0	25	2	12.5

### THE SECOND TEAM.

The Second Team could not be fully organized until the composition of the First Team was definitely known, but it played two successful games against the masters, which gave it valuable experience and confidence.

The first school games of the season was played on June 2nd against U. C. C. Second Team, and resulted in a win for us, after being behind on the first innings. Paul, with 27, and Ault, with 21.



THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM

played well for S. A. C., while in the second innings Cameron III., with 47 not out, pulled the game out of the fire, and this, with the keen fielding of our team made a notable victory.

The score was as follows:

S.A.C. II.—1st innings, 95; 2nd innings, 131.

U.C.C. II.—1st innings, 122; 2nd innings, 65.

### THE THIRD TEAM.

This team is really a third group, or "under sixteen" team, and has been responsible for the discovery of several promising players amongst the younger boys. It has played two school games so far and lost the first to T. C. S., and the other to U. C. C., but with further practice it should develop into a very strong side.



## LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET.

The Lower School Cricket Squads have been out practising daily during the term, and we are hoping to have some very successful matches against the other Preparatory Schools. Unfortunately we lack good bowlers this season, though two or three give promise of eventually becoming fairly good. With a little more confidence several of the boys should make good batsmen. The fielding is quite good. We have with us six of last year's colours—Colebrook, Noriega I, Murchison, Carrick, Ellsworth and



LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN

Strathy. Noriega I has been playing with the Upper School First Eleven, and has rendered a very good account of himself with them. Our Under Fourteen team consists of boys mostly about 12 years of age with little experience, but nevertheless we hope to see them doing very well later on, as several of them are showing good form and great keenness. We hope that by the end of the term our Lower School teams will have been as successful as they have been in the past.

R. C. P.



# OLD BOYS' NEWS



Donald Olinger is now with the Union Match Co., 913 Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

F. R. Broderick is now with Gotfredson Joyce Co., Limited, Toronto.

Ian W. Hoeffler is now in San Francisco, and expects to attend the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Roy H. M. Lowndes won the Ontario Fencing Championship. Gordon Hewitt took second place. We extend our heartiest congratulations to both of them.

Kenneth B. F. Smith is now with Price Bros., at Kenogami, Que.

Dr. Dudley Ross and Jack Easson were in town during the Easter vacation, with the Basketball team who were playing against Varsity.

Allan Reynolds is now in the coal business at Brockville, Ont.

Mack J. Baird is in business with his father in St. John's, Nfld.

Gay Boulton is now with "N" Division of the Mounted Police; at the present time he is in Ottawa.

Harold C. Kingston is buying Sporting Goods for McCreery & Co., New York City. His address there is 4 East 36th St.

Seymour R. Black graduated from the University of California in May of this year; the school extends its congratulations.

Lee M. Caldwell is in business in New Carlisle, Que.

Claude is married and is living in Quebec City.

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## MARRIAGES.

WILLIAM LLOYD BAKER, of Prince Albert, Sask., on March 15th, 1923, to Miss Dorothy Murrell Adams, at Long Beach, California.

NEIL COLQUHOUN FERGUSON of Toronto, on Saturday, April 14th, 1923, to Miss Frederica Grace Junkin.



MAXIMILIAN STEPHEN HAAS of Toronto, on Saturday, April 21st, 1923, to Miss Marian Aileen Innes.

FRANK L. SOMERS, on September 27th, 1922, to Miss George M. Royce, at Niagara Falls.

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## BIRTHS.

To MR. and MRS. GIBBS BLACKSTOCK, on March 14th, 1923, a daughter.

To DR. and MRS. ALMON A. FLETCHER, on April 30th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. H. G. KENT, on March 8th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. ASHLEY KILGOUR, on April 19th, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. WILLIAM H. LYTLE, on May 13th, 1923, a son.

To DR. and MRS. P. D. MCINTOSH, on April 1st, 1923, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. NORMAN MCPHERSON, on March 13th, 1923 a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. FRANKLIN S. MILLIGAN, on March 24th, 1923, a son.

To MR. and MRS. ERROL MUNN, on April 1st, 1923, a son.

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## OBITUARY.

Bailey, John Esser, was born April 19th, 1896. His home was in Greensburg, Pa. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1914, coming from Mercersburg Academy, and was in Form IV. until October, 1915, when he left to join the United States Army.

In 1916 he joined the Mulford Drug Co., of Philadelphia.

In March, 1923, while visiting in Norton, Virginia, he was taken ill, and was thought to be on the road to recovery, when he died of bronchial pneumonia.

The announcement of his death will be received with regret by his old school friends, on whose behalf the REVIEW desires to express sympathy with his parents.

## THE ST. ANDREW'S CUP.

Last year the School presented a silver cup for annual competition to the Tamsui Middle School in Formosa, of which school Dr. Mackay, one of our Old Boys is principal.

The following extract is quoted from a letter received from him shortly after:

"The cup is now in possession of the Tamsui Middle School. During the distribution of prizes in the school some three months ago, I took the privilege of presenting the cup to the school, telling them at the same time something of St. Andrew's. The boys were more than delighted to get such a fine gift. After the meeting they crowded around the cup, examining most carefully the engraving. That took their fancy! More than one boy declared that it was perfectly done. As to the cup itself, they declared that it was "chin sui" which means "very beautiful." They wished me to convey to you and the St. Andrew's boys, their most hearty thanks and appreciation.



THE OLD BOYS' RACE—GAMES DAY



## THE OLD BOYS' DINNER.

The annual Old Boys' Dinner was held at the college on Friday, April 6th of this year. The attendance came up to the standard of last year, 81 old boys being present. Owing as usual to the efficient management of Mrs. Macdonald, the material side of the dinner was an overwhelming success, and the sentiments of the meeting in this regard were voiced in the motion of a vote of thanks by Mr. Coatsworth, which was informally seconded by all present.

The report of the Executive for the past year was rendered by the President, Lyman Howe, and the minutes were accepted unread by the assembly. A comparatively short period was devoted to the business in hand, several suggestions being made and several matters settled. Dr. Macdonald then proposed the toast to the King, following which Mr. Frank Denton proposed the toast to the School, which was responded to by Dr. Macdonald, who spoke at some length of numerous matters, touching on the school, its old boys, the new building and school activities generally, emphasizing the fact that the aim of St. Andrew's College was to fit boys for the battle of life, rather than for the temporary glory of scholarships. Mr. Robinson in his turn delighted the company by some well-timed remarks to the effect that the average Canadian is inclined to be too modest, thus causing an evident contradiction of his statement. A toast to the Old Boys was then proposed by Mr. Tudball, who reassured us as to the perennial youth of schoolmasters. This toast was ably responded to by Lyman Howe. The third and last toast, that to the Ladies, was proposed by Clark Acton, and replied to by Ed. Burns.

Several impromptu speeches were then rendered by the more noted of the old boys present, notably by two of the five who are at present serving the school on the Board of Governors. Following these speeches Starr Edmonds very kindly favoured the company with the first verse of the national anthem and a very delightful evening came to a close.

T. F. A.

## THE BULLETIN.

Through the kindness of one of our old boys, Clark Acton, The Old Boys' Association has been enabled to issue an official organ *The Bulletin*. The object of this paper, of which two issues have already appeared, is to gather together news by, about, and for, the members of the Association. It is included in the membership of the Association, and is published free of charge for one year, by Clark Acton its instigator. And it is hoped that on the expiration of this term that some other Old Boy will undertake its publication for like period. All Old Boys are asked to contribute either articles or news or both, and to carry on to the best of their ability what is now the first and we hope will always be the best periodical published by the Old Boys of any school.

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## THE REVIEW STAFF.

With this number of the REVIEW we must say au revoir to a number of our staff who will not be with us next year. Where all have worked hard and well it would seem invidious to mention some and not others, but we cannot pass over without mention, the excellent work during the past few years, of Jack Cameron our business manager, Anderson our artist and cartoonist, Aspden our author and poet, and J. V. Russell. We thank them and all the members of the Editorial board for the good work they have done in making the school magazine successful, and wish them every success in the future.





*Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia University. A very complete and interesting literary department is the distinguishing feature of this publication, and the perusal of it affords one a very pleasant half hour.

*Acta Ridleiana*, Ridley College. A few more cartoons and articles would add greatly to the appearance of your magazine. Your proffered sympathy with regard to our fire was much appreciated.

*Argosy Weekly*, Mount Allison Ladies' College. Your well-filled advertising columns and general excellence denote a wide-awake editorial department.

*Appleby Argus*, Appleby School. Your Exchange Column is a decided acquisition to your well-balanced magazine. A few more cartoons and pictures would also add to it.

*Argus*, Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate Institute. Your Poet's Corner is large if nothing else. Why not scatter your snapshots through your magazine instead of collecting them all in one place?

*Blue and Gray*, Friends Central School. A decidedly attractive publication. We enjoyed your poems, both serious and otherwise. Also we always welcome a new exchange.

*Chronicle*, Glasgow Academy. Would it be presumptuous to suggest a few stories or articles? Such an addition would make the "Chronicle" more attractive to strangers.

*College News*, Bangkok Christian College. Always glad to hear from such a distance. The English portion of your magazine is well edited; as for the remainder, it is somewhat beyond our ken.

*Elevator*, Belleville High School. We enjoyed your Easter Number very much; the stories and articles are excellent. Very glad your play was a success. Please accept our heartiest congratulations.

*Gateway*, University of Alberta. Very well edited, your editorials are excellently written.

*Harrovian*, Harrow School. Many thanks for your prompt reply to our exchange. We find your paper very interesting.

*High School Citizen*, Dunkirk High School. An editorial would add to your paper from a literary standpoint.

*L. C. C. I. Review*, London City Collegiate Institute. "Le Coin Français" is an original innovation, and we hope it proves a success. Your Poet's Corner is also very attractive.

*Macdonald College Magazine*, Macdonald College. A very complete magazine; a few snapshots would remove its austerity somewhat.

*McGill Daily*, McGill University. A very complete newspaper. Your editorials are especially well written.

*Managra*, Manitoba Agricultural College. The editorial of your Graduation Number is excellent.

*Le Sourire*, Carson High School. The second issue we have had from you. Quite up to the standard of the first.

*St. Peter's College Magazine*, St. Peter's College. Your poetry, as ever, is of high standard, and makes unusually pleasant reading.

*Separate School Chronicle*, Separate Schools, Toronto. A few stories and cartoons would improve your magazine greatly. Welcome to a new exchange.

*Record*, Trinity College School. A very complete school magazine, and one which adequately fulfils its purpose. A few pictures or drawings would help.

*Twig*, University of Toronto Schools. A great percentage of your paper is devoted to things humorous. Why not one or two more serious articles? A few more photographs would also add greatly to the appearance of "The Twig."

*University of Toronto Monthly*, University of Toronto. Quite up to its usual high standard. Your articles on the architecture of the buildings are especially interesting.



## LOWER SCHOOL NOTES.

Everyone in the Lower School has been so completely engrossed, either in their work or in cricket, that there is very little else to record.

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We notice, with pleasure, however, that Murchison is at last beginning to put on a little weight; on the other hand we fear that Taylor, as a result of his struggles with his bugle, is being rapidly reduced to a shadow.

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One of the pleasant things of the term has been the close friendship that has sprung up between Smart and McNeely; they are quite inseparable, especially at table, where their light-hearted conversation are a joy to all beholders.

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Among other things, it is rumoured that Carrick is going to bring out a book which will revolutionize existing ideas on Table Etiquette. For instance, it is believed that he now holds that the over-arm swing in eating spaghetti is distinctly illegal.

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We hear that Magill, owing to a certain "influence" on Sports' Day, is going to have a permanent wave put in his hair.

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Meanwhile Noriega has resolved to put more grease on his hair and less on his face.

---

There once was a kindly old Czech,  
Whose temper was hasty, by hzech,  
But this man of Bohemia,  
Though much he'd blasphemia,  
Would fall in the end on your nyech.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE VERMILLION VANITY BAG.

A shot rang out in the distance: followed a deathly silence. I had been walking along Yonge Street at 2.31 a.m. and suddenly I was surprised by this. Briefly the facts of the case were these (here start the whole thing again). Yes, frankly I was surprised: of course no one else would be, but I was. I was surprised not by the fact that I was walking along Yonge Street at 2.31 nor by the fact that I heard a shot—that might have been some yokel driving his cattle home and shooting one to encourage the others. But I was surprised by the sudden silence; not indeed that I had expected the fusillade to continue all night—but why the silence? I scented mystery. I rang up my friend Darnclever the Detective.

"Briefly the facts of the case were these," I said over the telephone, eating my breakfast (or, if you prefer it, eating my breakfast over the telephone).

"Oh," he said. Obviously he was baffled.

"I scented mystery," I said, taking a gulp of coffee.

"Oh," he said. He was still baffled.

"Yes," I remarked, taking a gulp of toast.

He appeared an hour later. "I arrest you for wilful murder," he said complacently, paring his nails. "And I you," I replied smartly. An involuntary shudder spread over his massive frame. With a blow I knocked him out. He recovered and knocked me out.

"Do you deny," he said, "that you had a revolver yourself at 2.31 a.m.?"

"No," I replied bravely. I showed it him.

"One bullet has been exploded," he said, examining it carefully. The coils were enmeshing me. He threw me into a taxi and let off the other five.

"We will say no more about it," he hissed.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" I quavered.

"Yes," he belched.

"I fired that bullet," I gulped, "at a sparrow, but," I added hastily, "I missed it."

"Hence the silence," he speculated.

"Yes," I assented, "it flew away."

He wrung my hand and shed tears of joy down my collar.

NOTE.—A prize of \$5 is offered to any reader who discovers the connection of the above story with the vermilion vanity bag.





“MORE TO BE PITIED THAN SCORNE.”

1. Sherin trying to keep in step.
2. The dumb one who makes his bed on Wednesday.
3. Leckie as Room 106 chore boy.
4. Anderson personifying the dignity of the prefect “body.”

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### FICTION HEROES.

1. The willing prefect who always lends a hand on the roller.
2. The model cleanly lad who would sooner be late for breakfast than not wash.
2. The Newfoundland College Booster.
4. The prefect who abhors the thought of having to cane anyone.
5. The thoughtful martyr who arises first every morning to shut the windows on a winter's day.

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### A PESSIMIST'S DREAM.

BEING THE NIGHTMARE OF A COLLEGE GROUSER.

All day Sunday chapel with Stevenson playing the piano—Rosedale cricket house strictly out of bounds—Prefects compile list for duty on the roof—Front door barred to all but scholarship boys, masters, and delivery men—Cricket the sole recreation. Played in rubber boots in the muddy fall and snowshoes all winter—Wayward Andrean soaked double gating for life for tripping and muttering “Oh ding” out loud in the presence of the head prefect.

Paper headline: "Man Shot in Brawl."

Lorny Chamberlain: "Say Joe, where is a man's brawl at?"

"Drop me a line some time soon," said the Alpinier as he fell over a thousand foot cliff.



"A Couple of Knockers at the Door"

"IF YOU DON'T GET IN THE BOAT AND STAY THERE YOU ARE BOUND TO FLOAT DOWNSTREAM."

A Moral Tragedy.

Scene: Lower VI. McGill Form.

Time: Almost any day except Saturday or Sunday and most periods exclusive of recess.

Master enters room in a rush. Sees only one in class.

Master: "Munn where are all these boys?"

Munn: "I don't know sir."

Master: "If these boys imagine they can cram Algebra in the last week they are heading on a direct route to failure."



Anderson's peanut-vendor soprano is heard in the distance: "What's the matter with old McGill"?

Master: "If you ever get to old McGill I'll know what's the matter with it."

Anderson enters room playing with a piece of chalk and chewing paper: "Sorry sir, I was busy at the stores."

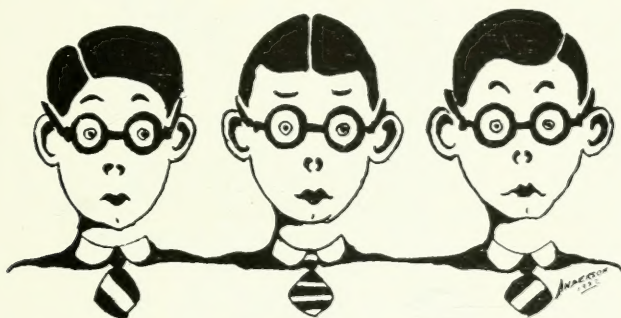
One minute elapses.

Enter Curry.

Curry: "Had to go to the dentist, sir, tried to get back on time, sir."

Another few minutes pass of priceless matriculation preparation time.

Murchison I. enters.



"A (Spectac) ular Scene"

Master: "Well, Murchison, have you wearied of school entirely? You were elsewhere in my period this morning, too."

Murchison: "Sir, accept my apology, I was occupied in writing to my beloved Argentine and became so engrossed in my pursuit that mere school left my mind like a bird on wing."

Armstrong enters in a rush: "What was that word Pup, I thought I knew them all." Catches sight of master: "Sorry sir, I fell asleep in my room, sir, and didn't hear the bell."

Shuffling like dragging of two cement sacks is heard in hall. Enter Marshall. Marshall: "I was down helping Miss Brooks, sir. I'm sorry, I didn't know it was so late."

Cameron waddles in: "Duty at the tuck, sir. Sorry sir."

Master heaves big sigh and opens book: "Just six more lessons till matric, and yet you fellows have wasted half this period. I know you are all busy, but just try and have your occupations outside of school have any effect on the man who marks your paper this June."

Knock on door. Messenger from office: "Anderson. Cameron, Curry, Marshall, Murchison, Munn and Armstrong wanted in office, sir."

Master killed in rush for the door.

THE END.

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One of Our  
 Modern youths  
 Said that to be  
 Up to date  
 We should Stage one of Those  
 Endurance Tests  
 That are all the Rage  
 These days.  
 Then another smart lad  
 Suggested  
 That we Make it an  
 Endurance Washing Contest  
 But our Headmaster  
 Following in the footsteps  
 Of other Authorities  
 In such Matters  
 Banned it as  
 Cruel  
 When he Heard that  
 Thurber  
 Was a contestant.

---

#### FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

"I don't think I'll bother changing my brogues to go up on the roof to-night."

"Say, Carrick, who was that blonde-haired flapper I saw you with on Sports Day?"

"Let's see what will happen if we drop a match in this sulphur."

---

Tom Aspden tells us his only idea of how to keep in trim is to get a hair cut.



Chesty Chester: "I will be in the government."

Mr. Ramsay: "You might not be in the government but you will probably be in the opposition."

Breathes there the Andean with soul so dead,  
 Forgetting it was Wednesday and making his bed,  
 Never to the world has said,  
 ???!!\*\*\$\$\$()()""&&æœœ:::!!!!!!&&&



Whump: "I learned to dance by mail"

Whimph: "I thought so judging by the stamps on my feet"

Yet another variation of the teacher and bright pupil crack is exemplified in this story of the Swedish boy in a Canadian school:

Teacher: "Can any one give me a sentence using the word 'Superabundant'?"

Jansen: "Yaw."

Teacher: "Go on, Jansen."

Jansen: "My father likes deep soup plates because the 'soup are abundant.'"

The latest so-dumb-that-he-thinks story is Miller's enquiry if Marshall Field is a ball park in Chicago.

## SCHOOLGIRLS WHO ANNOY ME.

**THE CHILD**—Usually from thirteen to fifteen and tries so hard to have you think her “not far from twenty” Loves to tell you what a wonderful girl her big sister is. Seems to imagine the more nice things we hear about her big sister the more nice things we will think about her. Conversation ranges from all the boy friends she has, to biting remarks on her older rivals. Invariably as a dancer she is a fine reciter and to help things along she does her d——t to master all the new Sheik-like steps of her more mature rivals. We have heard a lot about “old hens” but our youth has taught us to avoid the “immature chicken.”



“The presence of ‘dark horses’ in races are usually a result of ‘foul’ play”—*Canadian Turf News.*

**THE ATHLETIC GIRL**—About 150 pounds and all muscle. Not at all particular which of your feet she dances on and babbles from start to finish about “The wonderful game we had with Haver-gal” or “I just adore hockey,” etc., etc. Talks riding, skating, Indian clubs, and gymnastics to you until you find you are struggling to suppress the natural impulse to rush her down to the gym., throw her an armful of dumbbells, tie her to the box horse, and soak her with basket balls, medicine balls and baseballs, then lock her in for the remainder of the evening and let her enjoy herself on her own feet and in her proper sphere.

**THE SCHOLARSHIP GENIUS**—makes a big splash at commencement exercises but at a dance cuts less ice than a pair of snowshoes. Snickers at everything you say and pesters you with such questions as “What’s this piece they are playing. I always



get mixed on fox-trots and one-steps somehow," or "I don't dance very much you know." We can't imagine how she thought the latter crack was a secret anyway. Usually drags the conversation into school discussion so that we will ask her how she is as a scholar. Loves to pass some senseless witticism about the impending examinations and thus dampen our entire evening. To have her near you at an examination would be Paradise, but at a dance it's—!

THE GRADUATE FLAPPER—the finished product of our six-cylinder speed-age of foolish youth. Her usual chatter consists of Rodolph Valentino, how many dances she had been to this week, or questions regarding the powder needed on her nose or what kind of a car you drive. Has a bright comeback for your every remark and seems to know all the people you know and a couple of thousand more. Takes great delight in passing bright sayings on boarding school bedtime or how many times a day they feed us prunes. She has none of the fine points of the scholarship, the athletic or the younger child, but somehow we are willing to take a chance on our headmaster's thoughts of us if he sees her kalsomined face draped on our shoulder for a dance number or two. No one is perfect and at least she is one of the few who do not seem to wear diver's lead boots and rave on about scholarships, boy friends or gymnastics when your mind is far, far, from such things. Of course our elders should not get the idea we would ever take such a girl "seriously," but who wants to soliloquize to the strains of "Fate" or "Aggravatin' Papa," anyway?

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## WE NOMINATE TO THE STALL OF FAME.

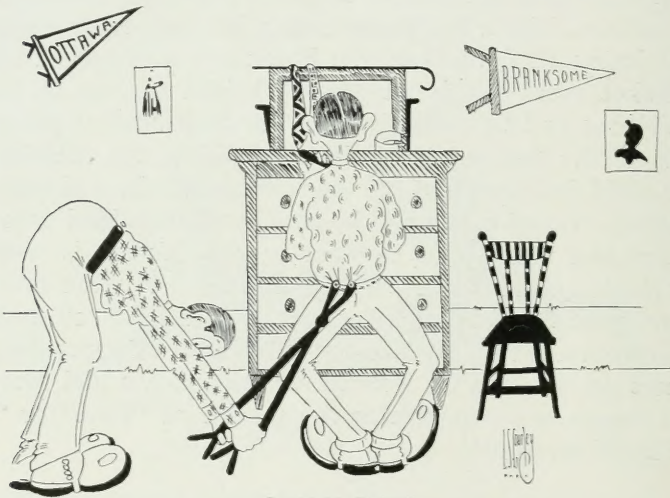
(Apologies to Vanity Fair).

Donaldus Hole-In-One Carrick—Although he can never be all his brothers claim he is, nevertheless has some claims to the laurel, because his mashie drive is longer than Brunt's dinner table reach.....because he is one of the few thus afflicted who have big feet and admit it.....but mainly because with a hand built on the lines of a large-sized ham, and a foot that calls for a size eleven Natural Spread, nevertheless has mastered both arts of pianoforte and terpsichore.

Jawn Stumpus Robertson—Because although he must have grown along the ground for several years he has reached several of the lofty seats of the mighty . . . because his sunny smile and lantern jaw did much to brighten our Literary Society.....but

mainly because after rooming with and listening to two Newfoundlanders for a year he still has a good word left for the college.

Gerald Gin Russell—Because his narrating of his fast moving week-end adventures supplies us with the most interesting lectures of our tiresome routine.....because his unexcelled, amusing vocabulary on the cricket crease does much to keep his teammates awake.....but mainly because his big heart has resulted in his title of supply master, and his Hudson being known as the school taxi.



Reid: "Who was the World's most influential monarch"?

Mac: "I bite, who was he"?

Reid: "King, of the King Suspender Co., he has kept more people in suspense than any King in history".

Controller John B. Moore—Because he is one of the few politicians whose honesty is unquestionable.....because his election speech delighted an S.A.C. audience as it had numerous others.....but mainly because with the aid of his dinky little umpire's cap and his actions we have come to see from whence people acquired such a brutal phrase as "Kill the Umpire."

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Birkett, seeing golf driver in Cameron's room:

"Whose club, Beer?"

Beer: "That's Jack's 'Granite' club."

Birkett (picking up): "It feels heavy enough to be granite."



### QUITE TRUE.

Headmaster: "Aspden, you should take some form of dumbbell exercise."

Aspden: "What about cricket, sir?"

### LE DERNIER RAILLERIE À OTTAWA.

Humorous Hambly suggests that the Ottawa gang exert some of their drag on the roller.



"The World is Waiting for the Sunrise"

### OVER FAIRWAY AND BLIZZARD.

#### LOCAL NEWS TO GOLFERS

Snyder's game has greatly strengthened of late by his development of that turf-tearing tree-felling stroke so much the vogue on local greens. Snyder is, with Brunt, a leader in the movement to make golf the game for the gentleman farmer as well as the cultured business man. Snyder says he does the average hole in from two Players to a Millbank.

### THE LATEST BOOK.

"From Cattle Range to Golf Course" or "Why I Liked Driving Golf Balls Better Than Steers," by Chick Evans Brunt, the Han-over Hard-Hitting Amateur.

"Rolling bones gather no gross" said the unlucky coon as he lost his last nickel in a box car game.

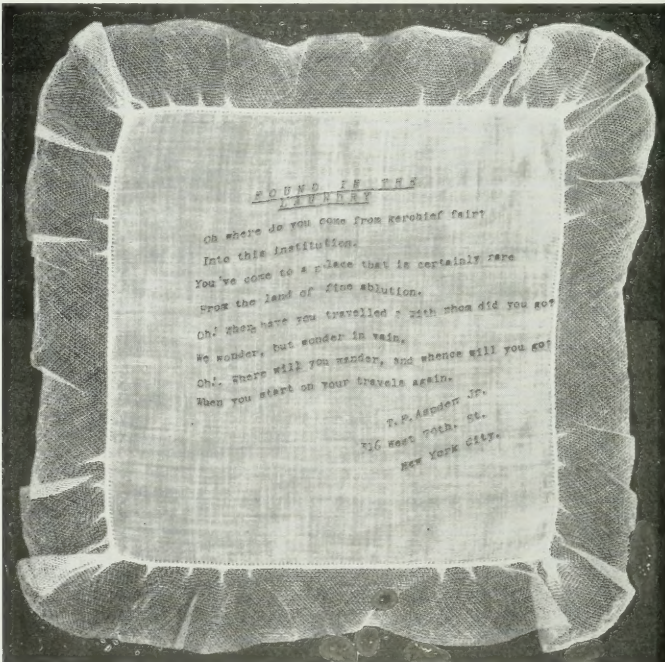
Bobby Grant has declared his approval of the League of Nations since the announcement of its desire to cancel all former debts.

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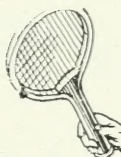


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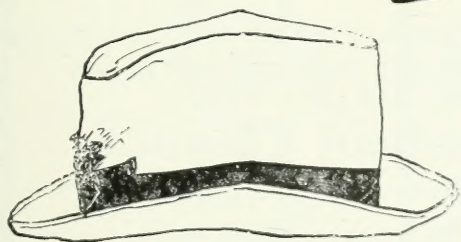
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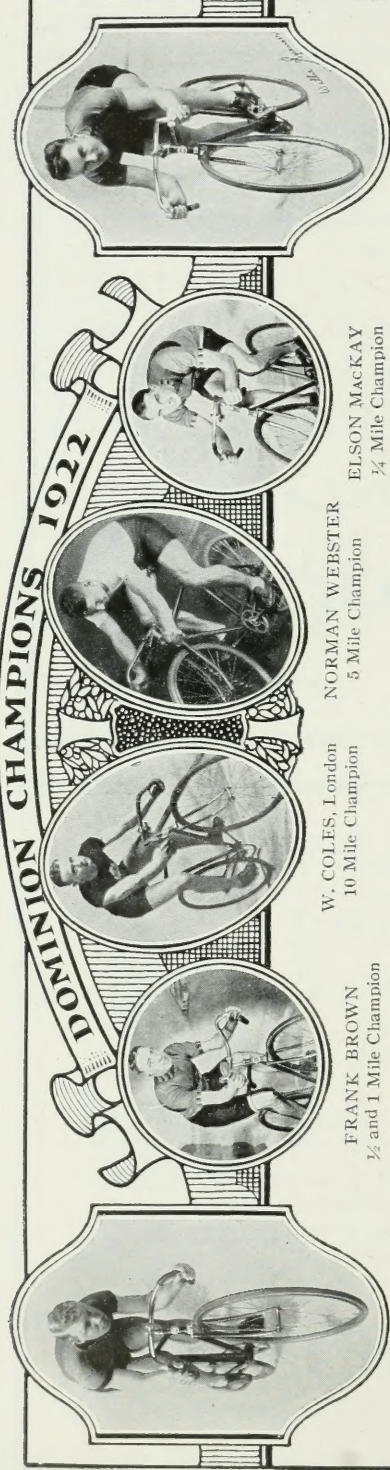
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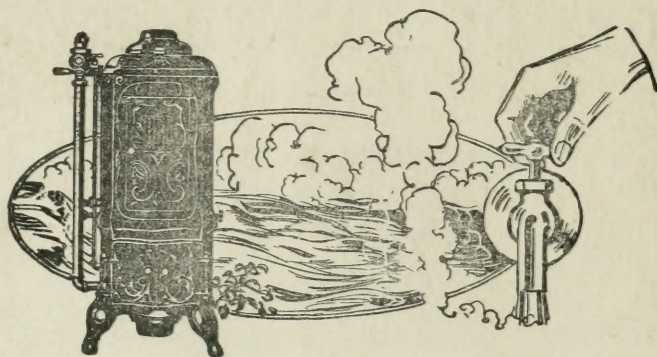
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